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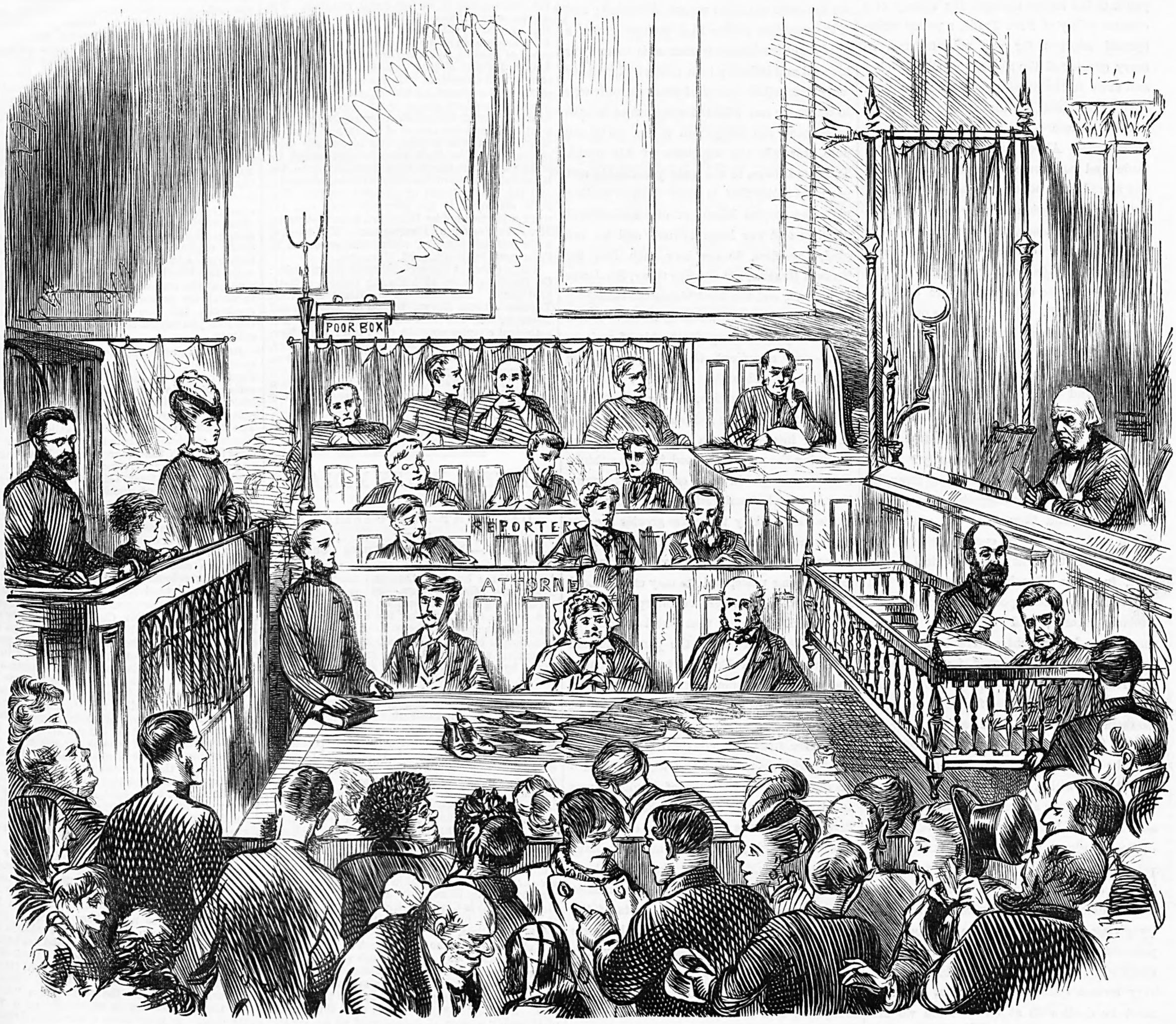

SKETCHES IN THE MIDLANDS BY DAYLIGHT AND GASLIGHT.—BIRMINGHAM POLICE COURT. *(See page 358.)*

IS ENGLAND OVER-PEOPLED?

This is the question of the hour—a question that is puzzling statisticians and statesmen alike, and one which sooner or later we shall all have to look square in the face. Is England over-peopled? and, if it is, what is to be done with our surplus population? When these questions arose forty years ago most of our statesmen turned pale at them as they are now said to turn pale at the Eastern question; and, Macaulay interpreting the general feeling, began to talk of the possibility of English civilization, with all its arts, all its science, and all its literature, disappearing under the tide of a fresh invasion of Huns and Vandals—of the decay of our commerce, of the ruin of our manufactures, and of the pauperization of the Empire, of a few half-naked fishermen mending their nets on the quays of Blackfriars, and of travellers from New Zealand taking their stand in the midst of a vast solitude on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. "I see but one chance of our salvation," said Sydney Smith, "England is not big enough for all of us. We must draw lots, and every third man must make up his mind either to be eaten or to take himself off the scene." In these perplexities a thoughtful calico printer at Clitheroe, accustomed to pore over the pages of Adam Smith and Malthus, took up the question in the practical business-like style of the men of the North and the Midlands, denounced our policy of Protection, and drew up a scheme for the revival of the youth of the nation through the agency of a counter policy of Free Trade, a policy which opened markets for our manufactures in every quarter of the globe, and added richer and more fertile provinces to the realm than have been added by the swords of all the warriors whose ashes are to be found in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. Our trade and commerce have been quadrupled and more by the policy of Cobden and Peel; but our population has grown with the growth of our trade, and developed with the development of our commerce; and here we are again to-day as we were in what Mr. Bright calls the dark ages before '32. The hive is again full. Population has once more risen to its highest level; and here we are face to face with the difficulties that years ago triumphed over everything but the sagacity and courage of the great Radical economist and the great Tory minister.

What is to be done? Abandon free trade and adopt the new rule of reciprocity? Alter our system of currency? Or sweep away the land-laws? All these suggestions have been thrown out, and they form but a tithe of those that start up in every newspaper, at every dinner-table, at every political breakfast, in every Chamber of Commerce and Agriculture; where poor rates, pauperism, revenue returns, and commercial treaties happen to be brought on the carpet. Our readers need not be alarmed, for we have not the remotest idea of boring them with a discussion upon any of these fancies. We refer to them merely to put them aside. They are all fair topics of talk, and must one of these days be discussed. At present, however, we have to deal with a state of things that cannot be very much altered by abolishing eldest sons by Act of Parliament; raising the duties of French gloves, and adding a trifle to the price of Gladstone's claret or beer, we fear—but of course we wish to speak with the utmost deference to the Currency Doctors—by giving every banker within the four seas permission to issue his own notes at his own sweet will. What we have to deal with is a very serious question; and that question must be dealt with at once. Here we are with an immense mass of pauperism at our doors—with a population, that is, equal to two or three of our biggest parliamentary boroughs, living upon the rates, and in return for their scanty meals picking a few pounds of oakum or cracking a bushel of flints. Take up a table of Poor Law returns, scan the totals for the last twenty years, and we believe we are speaking within the mark when we say that the average cost of our paupers for that period is equal to that of the whole American government previous to the outbreak of the war; namely, between five and six millions a year. Why, the number of paupers in London alone is equal to the population of Bristol! Perhaps if this were all we might shrug our shoulders, mutter a word or two about the perversity of people in marrying on less than £200 or £300 a year, quote Malthus, pay our rates, enjoy our dinner, and smoke our cigars without another thought either of paupers or rates, or theories of population. Four or five millions a year, more or less, in our taxation returns is a flea-bite that we need hardly trouble ourselves about in our day-dreams. But the evil does not stop there. Outside of the rank of paupers is a large and growing class of men—hardy, skilled, and intelligent men, with their wives and families, who have neither work nor the prospect of work. These men are our difficulty. What is to be done with them? They must not starve. They ought not to be compelled to pauperise themselves in order to be relieved. And yet, what are we to do? To tell these men that the Colonies are open to them is about as cynical as to tell them that the London Tavern is open to them. Emigration is, we believe, the only remedy for the state of things we are sketching; and if the soundest advice that we can give to a hardy and intelligent workman is to transfer his skill and industry to a market where they will command their natural price, the only way in which we can take the sting out of it is to accompany the suggestion with a £5 or £10 note, towards the expenses of his outfit. This, we believe, is the only practicable and generous policy that is open to us in dealing with the surplus labour of our agricultural districts and our large towns; and we are glad, therefore, to see how men like Sir Thomas Buxton, Sir George Grey, Sir James Lawrence, and the Lord Mayor are taking up the suggestion and working it out. It is a very disagreeable expedient this of emigration—an expedient that is only to be justified by absolute necessity; for the true wealth of a nation, after all, lies in its population—in their industry, in their skill, in their intelligence, in their virtues. But assuming the necessity—and it is, we think, obvious enough in this case—what course is open to us but emigration? or, what course, let us add, is likely to confer greater benefits upon the working classes themselves? Lord Palmerston defined dirt as valuable matter in the wrong place, and we may extend Lord Palmerston's principle of interpretation to pauperism. What is that but labour in the wrong place? Transfer the pauperism and surplus labour of England to our Colonies, and we not only relieve ourselves of an almost intolerable burden, and perform an act of thoughtful charity for our fellow men, but we infuse fresh and powerful elements into the flourishing communities who are reproducing the life and activity of English towns and English villages on the banks of the Red River; around the head waters of the St. Lawrence, and in the rich and luxuriant valleys of the Murray and the Hawkesbury in our Australian settlements. Our colonies comprise some of the choicest spots of the earth, spots where the dreams of the poets are realised with a prodigality of wealth which even poets have never pictured to themselves—where even the sensation of life is rapture, and where, as Douglas Jerrold said, you have only to tickle the earth to make it laugh into harvest; and all we want to people these regions with joyous and happy families is a little money, a little public spirit, and a little system.

BELMONT PRO-CATHEDRAL, HEREFORD.

The Roman Catholic Pro-Cathedral of St. Michael and All Angels is situated two miles due west from the city of Hereford—being built on a part of the Belmont estate, the property of F. R. Wegg Prosser, Esq., and within a few hundred yards of the Belmont mansion. It is a noble structure, and was erected in 1856, at the sole expense of Mr. Wegg Prosser, from designs by Mr. E. Welby Pugin. It stands in an excellent position, the ground being somewhat elevated, and is 140 feet long from east to west, and 55 feet wide at the transepts. The styles employed are the flamboyant and geometrical. It is built of stone obtained in the neighbourhood of Hereford, with Bath stone for facings and carved ornaments. The cathedral is connected on the south side with the premises of an extensive monastery, also of stone, which has accommodation for 43 brethren and pupils of the Benedictine order, to whom Mr. Wegg Prosser has conveyed the property. The cathedral is entered at a porch in the centre of the north aisle of the nave, on each side of which is a decorated window, the clerestory having six smaller ones. The nave is divided from the aisles by three pointed arches, the columns of which have richly-foliated capitals. In the spandrils are trefoil columns supporting the ribs of the roof, and terminating in corbels, consisting of angels with musical instruments. The west window is a very elegant one. On the south side of the porch is a small side-chapel, dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua, in which prayer meetings are held at the conclusion of service on Sunday afternoons by a confraternity of the Sacred Heart of the Virgin Mary. A carved medallion of the saint appears in front of the altar, which rests on columns having marble shafts and bases, with capitals of vegetable foliage. The diaper work of the reredos consists of a series of monograms of the saint in the Gothic style. There are also three stained lancet windows, representing our Lady of Dolours, with the martyr St. Placid and St. Anthony of Padua, in the attitude of prayer, and surrounded by emblems of the Passion. The floor is composed of Godwin's encaustic tiles, and the rails in front, of brass and chocolate iron work with the fleur-de-lis pattern, are by Hardman, of Birmingham. The pulpit is at the north-east angle of the nave, and the confessional is in the north transept. The organ—a magnificent instrument—is placed in a side chapel at the north of the choir. The columns on each side of the choir are partly composed of granite, and there are stalls, with griffin-finials, for the bishop, cathedral prior, canon, clergy, and choristers. On the south side of the choir is the chapel of the Virgin Mary, whose beautiful modern statue is of Bavarian paper maché, adorned with much colouring and gilding. South of this is the chapel of St. Benedict, where masses, as at each of the other altars, are daily celebrated. The high altar is approached by three steps; the plinth is of Portland stone, the bases and capitals of the columns are of alabaster, and the shafts (four) of coloured marble. The style employed is the perpendicular; and the work was executed by Hardman, from designs by Mr. John Powell, of Birmingham. The reredos, a magnificent piece of work, was executed in Caen stone by Boulton, of Worcester.

The services at the pro-cathedral are as under: On Sundays, mass at ten a.m.; vespers at half-past three. The bishop is the Right Reverend Thomas Joseph Brown, Bishop of Newport and Menevia, who was born on 2nd May, 1798. The cathedral chapter consists of—Prior: Very Rev. Bede Vaughan. Resident canons: Very Rev. Wilfrid Raynal, *Pœnitentiarius;* Cuthbert Hedley, *Theologalis;* Very Rev. Anselm Gillett, Very Rev. Jerome Vaughan, Very Rev. William Romuald Woods. Non-resident canons: Very Rev. F. Peter Wilson, Very Rev. Anselm Cockshott, V.G., Right Rev. H. Gregory Abbot Gregory, Very Rev. James Vincent Spears.

SKETCHES IN THE MIDLANDS

BY

DAYLIGHT AND GASLIGHT.

No. IV.—Birmingham Police Court.

The writer makes his compliments to the two or three hundred thousand readers of the *Illustrated Midland News,*—he has no means of ascertaining the exact number, for the editor has not returned from visiting the Khedive, and the publisher has gone to the pantomime,—and begs to acquaint them that he has taken the liberty of procuring a legal document, known as a summons, by virtue of which they are commanded to attend, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of this present day, the Hall of Justice, Moor-street, Birmingham, in the County of Warwick, there to witness the administration of the law, and to give such evidence as they may be called upon to furnish. He also wishes it were in his power to include in the attachment some six-and-thirty other individuals (more or less), who for the last two hours have seriously embarrassed him in the preparation of these Sketches, by the exercise of their organs of speech in what they are pleased to call and term singing, but which is infinitely more like the yelling of a band of juvenile idiots escaped from a lunatic asylum, and determined to enjoy themselves at the expense of all in our eminently quiet street. In point of fact, they are carol-singers, engaged in the laudable endeavour to keep us thoroughly alive to the circumstance that it is Christmas-time,[*] and that they, the aforesaid lunatics, are "the singers," the original carollers.

I should not in the least object to these juvenile vocalists giving vent to their vocal expressions of goodwill in the next street, with which end in view, I offered them sixpence, bidding them "raise their voices high" in that thoroughfare. But they jeered me,—one went the length of throwing a piece of orange-peel at me,—and muttered, in horrid slang, something that sounded like "not if they know'd it," coupled with a reference to some vague and shadowy personage whom they entitled "Joseph." That was all I got for my Christian forbearance and liberality; stay, though, I forgot to mention that a maiden lady next door, whose only companions are three brindled cats and a terrier puppy (they fight sometimes), cried out, when she heard me order the lunatics away, that I ought to be ashamed of myself, speaking like that to the singers (save the mark!—she said "the singers"), and enquired who was I, that my orders were to be obeyed like a live lord's? I am afraid I replied rather rudely, for even now I can hear her telling the policeman, who has come up when the row is over, that I created the disturbance, and that he ought to summon me whither I have summoned the reader.

The Police Court! There are those who vote magisterial proceedings of the dullest; I never found them uninteresting, and I have been present at the hearing of a tolerably large number of cases, though I never acted either as complainant or defendant—judge, advocate, or witness. But if I had a piece of gold for every case I have reported, I should be a rich man now, and independent both of editors and publishers; and I warrant you my first act would be to search for some new country where there are no newspapers, and where the printing-press is a thing yet to be invented—where "Devils" cease from troubling, and everyone has rest. Like some others, I did not particularly care for police-court proceedings until I joined the noble army of Pressmen, and became imbued with something of legal lore. As boys, I remember, we frequently made determined efforts to obtain admittance to the building where the local justices sat and meted out terrible punishment to evil-doers of every kind and degree. But the Head-Constable was adamant. We should learn no good, and we might learn a deal of harm, he argued, with something like parental solicitude; and if by chance we got inside the Hall on "justice-meeting" days, we were invariably pounced upon just as a case was at its most interesting stage, and commanded to betake ourselves to school, where the Reverend Mr. Billhook greeted us most unpleasantly for being late. But when you are a "gentleman of the Press," you escape all this ignominious treatment. The police clear a passage for you through the crowded Court, you sit in the best seat, are permitted to glance at the summonses and charge-list, ask the attorneys for any information you may require, and are not abashed even if the chief magistrate condescends to bow to you, as I have known him do on occasion—when, for example, his worship has got up what he considers a good speech, and is anxious to have it fully reported in the next day's papers. I have had the honour of "interviewing" some distinguished criminals in my time—"ticket-of-leaves," whose propensity for thieving could not be overcome, and who had got into trouble from the fact of a gold watch or two and a diamond necklace being found upon them under circumstances which to the official eye appeared suspicious; gentlemen who, thinking no harm would come of it, had affixed their employer's name to some document without obtaining the necessary authorisation; "disorderlies," who appeared in the Superintendent's room the morning after they had been what they called "making a night of it," who were in mortal terror lest "the governor" should see their names in the police reports, and who, with tears in their eyes, besought the omnipotent stenographers not to notice the case; "ladies," who, having also "made a night of it" in a questionable manner, cut a poor figure in the dock, where they were hustled by shoplifters, burglars, and men whose hands were red with the blood of their fellows! A mournful sight, at the best of times, is that grim "dock" in which the prisoners are ranged—a saddening spectacle, but one which nevertheless I am desirous you should see, divested of all its false colours.

Of the two courts at the Public Office in Moor-street you naturally wish to see the best—the First Court, over which Mr. Kynnersley presides satisfactorily to all but the ladies and gentlemen whom it is the Stipendiary Magistrate's duty to sentence to various degrees of imprisonment. The Second Court is much smaller and much dingier, and the audience not much cleaner than their friends in the other court. Elbowing our way through the crowded hall, where Superintendent Glossop stands this morning looking the very incarnation of amiability, and as though there were no such things as crime and gaols in the world (would to Heaven there were not!), but who nevertheless sees, I believe, all who are there, and knows them every one, good, bad, and indifferent;—going upstairs, where there are more policemen and more people, we pass through some folding-doors and are in the Court. A large apartment, lighted from the roof, the Bench facing the spectator upon entering, a desk for the Magistrates' Clerk (Mr. Gem) or his deputy (Mr. Fitter), a table for the convenience of the solicitors, benches on either side for auditors, police, and reporters, galleries at the back, and in the middle of the court the dock. The business has already begun, so let us be seated and see how justice is dispensed. They are hearing the night charges—the disorderlies, the "drunks," &c. A gentleman whose ideas of clothing are so vague that he has enveloped his lower extremities in a sack for trousers, and who is covered with mud from head to foot, the result of a series of rolls in the street on the previous night, charged with being drunk and disorderly, denies the accusation, and affirms that he is paralysed. He makes the further and more astounding assertion, when informed that he was "up" for the same offence three weeks ago, that he was in India at the time, and is therefore innocent of the charge! His dreams of freedom are rudely dispelled by the curt announcement—"Five shillings and costs, or seven days," and forthwith he disappears in charge of an officer. More fortunate is disorderly No. 2, who had "lived five-and-thirty year in Birmingham, and was never here afore, as I'm a living woman, your worship," and who is discharged, nothing being known against her before.

Here is a case, ladies and gentlemen, that ought to excite your sympathy. A child, aged eleven, has been found in the streets, destitute. She has no father—her mother the police term "a bad lot;" the phraseology is expressive of a very great deal. It may mean a dissolute, drunken creature, a woman careless of what becomes of her child, or (and I fear this is the real state of the case) it may signify one who has "gone wrong." The child's head scarcely reaches to the top of the dock: her hat is battered; her hair is unkempt, and falls over her eyes; in her face are blended childish indifference to all the proceedings and simple faith in the issue. Besides this little creature in the dock there are two others belonging to the same mother, who has left them all starving—preferring the wages of sin, which is death, to the smaller but honester pittance she might perchance earn. She won't go to "the House," she is above that! But she is not above letting her children starve in the streets! Why, a savage animal of the forest would not be so cruel as this creature with a human heart and soul! And I am quite willing to agree with the police in the opinion that she is a "bad lot"—a very bad lot, I should say. The child being sent to the Workhouse for seven days, pending the final magisterial decision, we have no time to look about us ere the next case is called on. Borne to us from the dock comes a faint odour of—yes, it *is* patchouli! And listen—that is the rustling of a silk dress—the last thing we expected to see in the dock of the Police-court, the dark scenes of which are too seldom relieved by light ones. The slide we have withdrawn this time is more cheerful—you might almost call it an amusing one, only it is the reverse of amusing to see anyone in that place consecrated to the use of felons. "No. 12" creates a decided sensation in Court. The policemen smile, the members of the press are ready to take down any interesting evidence that may be given, the spectators are in a condition of silent delight, only the magistrate does not relax his adamant features, but regards the prisoner as though she were the most ordinary "case" in the list. And the prisoner? She is apparently the most indifferent of all, in her fashionably-made blue silk dress, black velvet jacket, hat with waving feather, and lavender-kid gloves. She is supremely indifferent to all this fuss made about her, and smiles affably at one or two friends who have come to see her in a new character. "What is it?" enquires the modern Rhadamanthus. "Drunk and disorderly, sir," answers the hirsute sergeant in the dock—you may see him in the picture on the front page of the paper, the bearded, moustached man on the left. He seems to know every case by heart, and to be cognisant of the antecedents of every unfortunate wretch who enters that dock; but the lady in the blue dress, who is charged with being drunk and disorderly in the High-street at two o'clock that morning, meets his gaze steadily, for her name has never before been on his list. The lady in blue is, in fact, indignant at the charge brought against her, and assures the magistrate it is "all a mistake;" a policeman, whom the lady regards with a pitying look, as though he were quite beneath her chaste contempt, says she annoyed a gentleman in the street and was very violent when taken into custody, requiring, indeed, three men to bring her to Moor-street; but she has never been there before, and Mr. Kynnersley, who tempers justice with mercy, allows her to leave the Court without fine or sentence. Although both Courts are sitting, there are no very striking cases on; the "drunks" appear to be having it very much their own way this morning, and their numbers would shock the Temperance League.

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[*] This Sketch has been in type for several weeks.

What a world of life you see in a Police-court! Consider for a moment, before we leave the crowded chamber, how many people's reputations are at the mercy of the excellent magistrate on the bench—how many criminals have passed down the dock-stairs, aye, and how many innocent; for it cannot be but that Justice even makes mistakes sometimes, and sends the wrong man to prison! Not often, though, for the magisterial head is clear and shrewd, and there is the Clerk with his legal acumen, ready to give all necessary assistance whenever he is called upon for an opinion. Just reflect for a moment, as you pass down the stairs, how many prisoners have come under the inspection of Sergeant Piercy, who, notebook in hand, has the whole criminal code at his fingers' ends, and knows, by intuition one would think, the innocent from the guilty even before any evidence is given. Have you ever stood in the prisoner's dock yourself? Not as a prisoner—God forbid that should ever come to pass!—but after the Court has been cleared, and when the magistrate and police have gone? It is far from an agreeable sensation; the essence of guilt pervades the place; you may be standing on the very spot erst occupied by a burglar who only stayed his hand at murder when he heard the tramp of the police on the stairs; your fingers may rest on the very part of the railing which some Bill Sikes has nervously clutched; you may perhaps rub your clothes along the very railing that Mr. Crackem, the ticket-of-leave man, charged with murdering his wife, brushed as he went "down," not for the capital charge, but to be tried at the Assizes at Warwick for manslaughter! The young lady, charged with robbing her master, the draper or hosier—she stood here on the day of her committal. Close by you, at the further end of the dock, reclined, with all the grace he could command, the swell-mobsman who picked your friend's pocket that Saturday night when you were looking at the canaries and goldfinches at the bottom of the Market.

You may like to know something about the numbers of people that pass up and down those grim stairs in the Police Courts at Moor-street; thanks to the courtesy of the Police-office officials, I can give you the information, remarking preliminarily that the figures refer to the year 1868. In that year there were charged with summary offences 10,307 males and 3,499 females. These included known thieves, prostitutes, suspicious characters, habitual drunkards, persons of previous good character, and persons of unknown character; of known thieves there were 462 males and 133 females. In April, 1868, there were at large within the district of the borough 402 known male thieves under 16 years of age, 247 females under 16, 1823 males above 16, and 1204 females also above that age. There were 137 receivers of stolen property; thieves and prostitutes were known to resort to 100 public-houses, 42 beer-shops, 4 coffee-shops, and 12 other suspected houses. It is a startling fact that the houses of ill-fame numbered 223; and it is a fact not the less worth mentioning that of tramps' lodging-houses there were (and are now probably) 235; so that altogether there are in Birmingham 753 houses of known bad character. The "drunks and disorderlies" (noted by the reporters as 'D.D.'s") in 1868 amounted to 1539 males and 771 females—total, 2,310. There were 654 males and 302 females having no visible means of subsistence; 223 males and 91 females were brought before the Bench for malicious and wilful damage, &c.; 13 males and 6 females were unlucky enough to be found in the possession of implements of housebreaking. With assaults in general 1518 males and 581 females were charged; with assaults on the police, 412 males and 118 females; with begging, 316 males and 137 females; with cruelty to animals, 117 males and (to the lasting credit of the sex be it spoken) *only one female*, whose crime, I believe, was the unusual one of killing a cat.

Let us now come to the indictable offences. There were committed, in 1868, 1804 crimes to which the phrase an "indictable offence" applies. For those offences 904 persons were apprehended—699 males and 205 females. It is to be noted that many offences are excluded from the police-records by Governmental order—these including summonses for the recovery of poor, water, and gas rates, loan-office summonses, and others; so that it is impossible to get at the total number of summonses. Thus much may be said and no more—that last year the approximate number of summonses issued by the magistrates, but not dealt with in any tabulated statement, was 40,000! Going back to the year 1868, from which this paragraph tempted me to stray, I find that there were discharged for want of a prosecutor 161 males and 45 females, and that 233 males and 93 females owe their release to an insufficiency of evidence against them. In the year referred to there was only one case of murder—the Heneage-street Murder—for which three men were committed for trial at Warwick Assizes, where they were acquitted.

Summarising these figures, we get the following results: 13,806 persons were charged with summary offences, and 904 with indictable offences. Mr. Kynnersley himself told the Birmingham people the other day that in the year 1868 some 2,850 prisoners were committed to the Borough Gaol of Birmingham—viz., 2,146 males, and 704 females. Of these 1,300 were quite ignorant of the arts of reading and writing, while as for the third "R," they totally ignored it; 1,487 could read, or read and write imperfectly: 61 (all males) read and wrote well; and two men out of the two thousand eight hundred and fifty prisoners are reported as having undergone "superior instruction."

There is work enough here for both Educational League and Educational Union, whose attention might perhaps be advantageously drawn to these figures; and I may conclude this hasty sketch by observing that to cope with all this crime and ruffianism there are but 402 Birmingham policemen, of all ranks, and that the cost of maintaining this defensive force in 1868 was £27,035 14s. 11d.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Foot-and-mouth disease has spread to Glasgow.

Mr. Voysey's appeal will not be heard until February.

Sir Francis Lycett has retired from the election contest at Southwark.

The American treaty with China has been ratified.

Sir R. Alcock has been treated very rudely at Nankin.

Virginia is admitted to representation in Congress as amended by the Senate.

The Spanish elections thus far have resulted in the return of four Unionists, five Democrats, ten Progresistas, six Republicans, and one Carlist.

All the iron-clads in the Russian fleet are provided with new eight-inch and nine-inch steel guns.

There is a rumour that Mr. Childer's scheme of naval retirement is not approved by the Treasury. It would take £1,250,000 to carry it out.

The Norwich electors think the issue of a writ for the election of a new member will not be much longer suspended.

It appears to be fraudulent to attempt to insure a person's life when it has been already declined by one office.

It is stated that a Senatus-Consultum is shortly to be presented, regulating the election of the French municipal councils and the choice of mayors.

The London cabmen are in future to give each person who hires them a card containing the number of the cab and the owner's name and address.

Dr. Livingstone.—The Cape newspapers publish Dr. Livingstone's letters to Sir Thomas McLear, the latest only being dated Cazembe, July 8, 1868. A letter from Dr. Kirk, dated September 7, 1869, says that Livingstone has found the Nile sources in the lakes near Cazembe, as observed and described by the Portuguese officers Lacerda and Monteiro.

The Court.—The Queen has been suffering repeatedly during the past few months from neuralgia, affecting different parts of the body, and severe enough to seriously interfere with rest. Her Majesty has just recovered from a recurrence of the neuralgia, attacking the face severely. The attacks have been attributable to disturbance of the nervous system, due to exposure, worry, or excitement.—The Prince of Wales has apparently for the present abandoned his intended visit to Berkeley Castle, Gloucestershire. On Saturday his Royal Highness returned to Gunton Lodge, Norfolk.—The reception given to the Duke of Edinburgh at Calcutta, where his Royal Highness arrived on the 22nd December, was of the most enthusiastic character. As the tall masts of the *Galatea* appeared in sight, the crowd burst into repeated cheers. The Prince was pulled ashore by his own gig's crew from the ship, and his making his way up to the very gates of the Fort William delighted the community. Addresses have been read, there have been brilliant illuminations, and the welcome has been as hearty as could have been wished. It is almost a settled fact that his Royal Highness will visit Bombay before his departure from India. The date of his visit is more or less a matter of uncertainty; but it is probable it will take place about the end of March.—We regret to say that the Queen was unable to leave the house at Osborne on Monday, owing to a severe attack of neuralgia.

More wrecks are reported on the Eastern coast.

Yokohama is in a state of demoralisation.

A Shields barque, with a crew of eight, is missing.

There was a tenant-right demonstration on Monday at Larne, County Antrim.

There is another proposed new candidate for the Spanish throne—the Count de Paris.

Land free of cost is offered in South Carolina to European immigrants.

Lord Cairns will, it is understood, retain the Conservative leadership in the House of Lords.

O'Donovan Rossa is to be again put in nomination for the county of Tipperary.

A considerable sum in coin and bills—£2,500 in all—has been abstracted from the iron safe of Messrs. Peck, the tea merchants, in Eastcheap.

Seditious street-ballad-singing occupies some of the Drogheda girls. Several ballads have been burnt by order of the Mayor.

The *Record* observes with regret that in the revised Lectionary "matins" and "even song" are substituted for "morning and evening prayer."

On Friday night Mr. Elliman, while replying to a toast at a volunteer dinner at Slough, suddenly fell down dead. Mr. Charsley, coroner for Bucks, who was present, was so overcome by the occurrence, that he went into a fit which lasted for twenty minutes.

A Sad Story.—A few nights ago a fishing boat, belonging to Newbiggin-by-the-Sea, near Newcastle, was upset. The boat afterwards righted, but she was filled with water. The crew of three men and one boy managed to get into the boat again, and they sat four hours up to their necks in water. On the boat being found and taken into Newbiggin, only one of the crew, a man named Watson Taylor, was found to be alive, the others, named Bristo, Oliver, and Hunter, having perished through the intense cold. Oliver's body was washed overboard; but the other two corpses were in the boat with the survivor.

Embezzlement at Manchester.—An embezzlement of considerable magnitude has just occurred at Manchester. Mr. J. King, cashier to the firm of Lyon, Lord, and Co. On Saturday, complaining of a slight illness, he balanced up his cash, and remarked that feeling somewhat slightly indisposed, he would have a run into Derbyshire after business. He was also heard to remark that if he was not at his office on the Monday his absence might be attributed to indisposition. Failing to appear on Monday, four days passed over, and then suspicion being excited, an examination was instituted into his books. On the first examination the books appeared perfectly correct, but on further scrutiny of his vouchers a bill was found missing. It was ascertained that King, by a system of substitution of bills, had succeeded in maintaining a fictitious balance at the bankers of the firm. The defalcations amount to £3,886 on the face of the accounts, but it is rumoured that the embezzlements extend over a period of considerable time, and represent really something like £5,000 or £6,000. The police authorities at Manchester offered a reward of £500 for the apprehension of King, who was arrested at Exeter on Sunday.

Panic in a Church.—Fifteen Lives Lost.—The Roman Catholic Church of St. Joseph, Liverpool, was the scene of an awful catastrophe on Sunday night. The building being overcrowded with worshippers, a supplementary service was held in the schoolroom underneath the chapel. During the service in the chapel and in the schoolroom, a man, who was said to be in drink, and smoking at the time, forced his way down into the school-room, and called out to the clergyman who was officiating, "I have heard you long enough." Some persons attempted to eject him. He then shouted "Fire!" and rushed from the building. A scene of indescribable alarm and confusion ensued. The worshippers in the school-room imagined that the chapel above was on fire. Many of the congregation had brought candles to be blessed. Hearing the alarm, these people lit their candles, and the illumination thus caused led to the belief that the chapel was really on fire. A general rush was made to get out of the building. The crowd coming from the school-room met the people who were making their way out of the chapel, and a scene followed which is happily almost unparalleled. The people fought and struggled to reach the narrow street. The doorway was soon blocked up, and escape became impossible. The shrieks of the women and children told of the terrible alarm that had seized them. Some persons attempted to compose the multitude, but the struggle continued. Women and children and old men were knocked down and trodden to death under foot, or suffocated in the terrible crush. The three officiating priests, by almost superhuman efforts, restored order, but too late—fifteen lives had been sacrificed. Rather singularly, the service was renewed and concluded. Then a second extraordinary panic ensued. The crowd outside believed that the church was on fire, and that the congregation, unable to get out, were being burnt or trampled to death. The shrieks of the mob were awful; and the police had great difficulty in keeping them from entering the church to (as they supposed was necessary) rescue the worshippers. In the streets harrowing sights were noticed—relatives and friends of the dead lamenting their loss, and women kneeling and praying to God and the Saints for their friends' safety. The inquest was opened on Monday, and adjourned to yesterday (Friday). A rather interesting history is attached to the church of St. Joseph. It was originally called All Saints', belonged to Mr. Thomas Bannister, and was first used for divine service in 1798, in connection with the Church of England. It was opened on November 27, 1833, under license from the Lord Bishop of the Diocese. The celebrated Montgomery West preached in this church, and at the time of its transfer to the Roman Catholic body the Rev. Andrew M'Conkey, now of West Derby, was the officiating clergyman. After having been forty-six years used as a licensed place of worship in connection with the Establishment, it was closed on December 31, 1844, having previously been purchased by the Roman Catholics, who called it St. Joseph's Chapel.

There was a Cabinet Council on Saturday.

Dr. Massingham has declined the bishopric of Sierra Leone.

Prince Arthur was presented to President Grant on Monday.

There 48,860 miles of railway in the United States.

Sir F. Lycett has retired from the contest in Southwark.

Sir Samuel Baker's expedition was at Berber, on the Nile, on New Year's day.

Sir Stirling Maxwell has resigned the Lord Rectorship of Aberdeen University.

The arbitration in the north of England iron trade will begin on the 10th proximo.

The Macpherson Ministry has held its ground in Victoria, and Parliament is prorogued.

Miss Helen Russell, who was heiress to £15,000, has died at the Hoxton House Lunatic Asylum.

The St. Pancras Guardians complain that they are introduced into the pantomimes.

Sir C. Dilke said on Monday he doubted whether the Government measure of education would satisfy the League.

There are 2,814 lighthouses in the world. The coasts of Europe have 1,885; America, 774; and Asia and Oceanica has 165.

During thirty-three years the "calls" received by the London Fire Brigade numbered 35,145, of which 2,769 were false alarms.

An educational test is talked of as a substitute for oakum-picking, and stone-breaking as a condition of out-door relief.

Alexander Herzen, the well-known Russian exile, socialist and journalist, died in Paris on Friday morning, and was buried at Père la Chaise.

M. Thiers has made a great speech against Free Trade. It occupies fifteen newspaper columns. The speech is described as a most brilliant one.

Three sisters, daughters of a Kinross merchant, named Steedman, fell through the ice at Lochleven, on Saturday, and were drowned. Two of the unfortunate girls were engaged.

M. Paschal Grousset, one of the just-convicted *Marseillaise* writers, would have the punishment of death abolished—except where crowned heads are concerned!

There is a rumour that the Duke of Cambridge has resigned his post of Commander-in-Chief, and that he will be succeeded by Lord Straithnairn.

It has been decided that there is no ground for disputing the act of bankruptcy of the Duke of Newcastle or the petitioner's debt. It is said the decision will be appealed against.

The opposition in the South to the proposed new Volunteer regulations has been followed by a similar expression of feeling amongst the Northern Volunteers.

It is said that the Address in answer to the Speech from the Throne will be moved by the Hon. F. Egerton, member for East Derbyshire, and seconded by Sir C. Wilke. The Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne will be moved in the House of Lords by the Marquis of Huntley, and seconded by the Earl of Fingall.

Figaro gravely informs its readers that *les Anglais* have just invented a new knife called the "Traupmann knife," and that the manufacturers of Sheffield are making them "by millions."

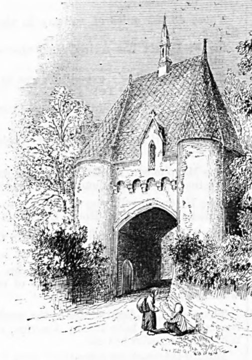
The whales driven ashore in Shetland last week have been sold by public roup in lots at from £13 to £15 per ton. There is a dispute among the captors, and the case will probably go into the law courts.

A travelling tinker a few nights ago quarrelled with his wife. He attempted to strike her, but instead hit his child (an infant) fatally, doubled it up, and buried it in a ditch. He stands charged with manslaughter.

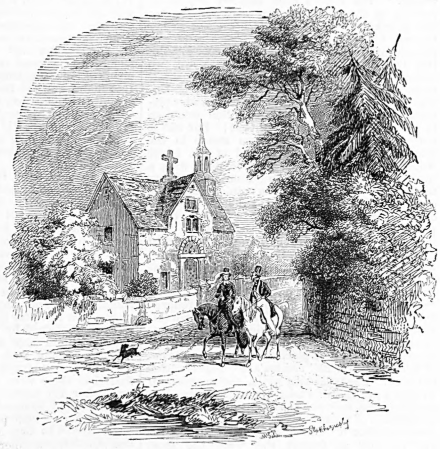
Dr. Temple, the new Bishop of Exeter, said at a meeting on Monday, at Exeter, "he was not afraid of secular education, which, even by itself, was a good thing, but by no means the best thing."

The "Countess of Derwentwater."—Mr. Henry Brown, the bailiff of the Countess of Derwentwater, arrived at Benfieldside Station on Thursday morning, where a large company of his admirers received him. On the previous evening the gentlemen who went to release Brown arrived at Consett in time to inform their friends of the success of their mission. A public meeting was held in the evening, to take into consideration Mr. Brown's treatment. Mr. C. J. Grey, of Dilston, has described the state of affairs to the Lords of the Admiralty. The Countess expresses the greatest contempt for all the legal proceedings of Mr. Grey.

Prosecution and Sentence of Rochefort.—The trial of M. Henri Rochefort for offences against the Emperor and the Imperial family took place on Saturday, before the Correctional Tribunal of Police. M. Rochefort and his colleagues of the *Marsellaise* did not put in an appearance. The Public Prosecutor said:—"It has been rumoured that the Government would demand that the maximum sentence allowed should be passed on M. Henri Rochefort. On the contrary, we request the Tribunal to inflict only such a degree of punishment as may be necessary to affirm the respect due to the law." M. Henri Rochefort was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of 3,000f.; M. Pascal Grousset to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of 2,000f.; and M. Dereuxe to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of 500f. A large crowd assembled outside the Palace of Justice, and after the sentence had been delivered, some portions of the assemblage shouted "Vive Rochefort!" Nothing else occurred worthy of remark. M. Rochefort himself was in his seat at the Legislative Body. M. Ledru Rollin has declined to act as counsel for the Noir family. M. Rochefort is agreeably disappointed at the sentence; he expected two or three years' imprisonment. Prince Napoleon has brought an actiona gainst the *Marseillaise* for accusing him of murdering a labourer.



ANCIENT GATEWAY AT GOODRICH.



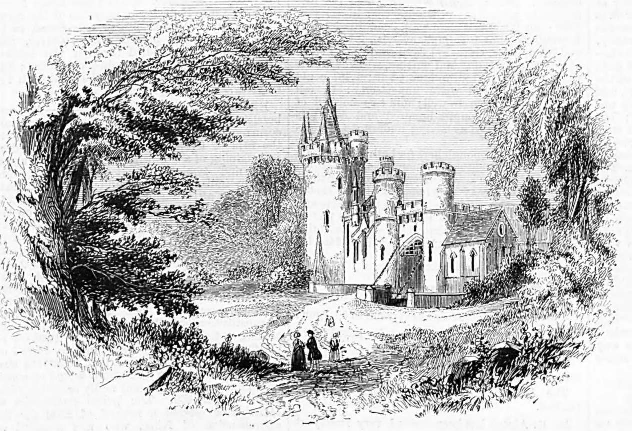
GOODRICH CHURCH.

GOODRICH COURT.

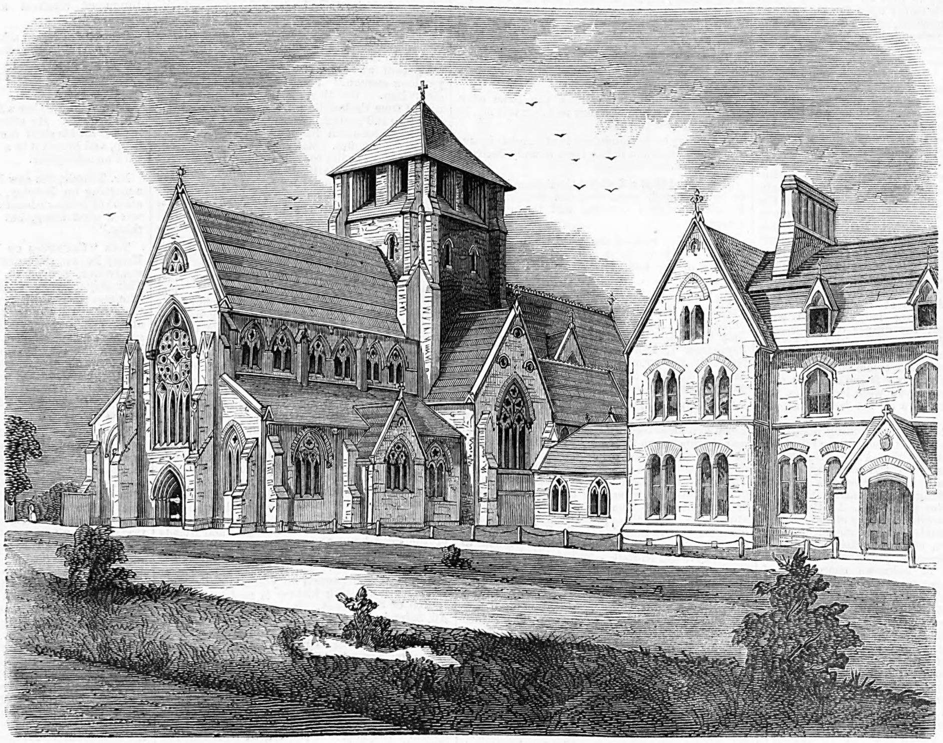
For the past forty years this delightful mansion on the banks of the Wye was one of the lions to be seen between Ross and Monmouth. No one that did the tour of the river thinking the exploration complete unless the Court was seen before or after the view of the old Castle. Sir Samuel Meyrick, the renowned antiquarian and classic doctor of laws, was the founder of the Court and the originator of the unique show of arms, armoury, and curiosities scattered but carefully arranged within the walls of the Court. The foundation stone was laid by Llewelyn Meyrick (a son of the founder) on the 23rd of April, 1828, assisted by Mr. E. Blore, architect, Windsor Herald, and Francis Marten, Esq. The last stone was fixed in the southern bartizan and the external work finished three years afterwards on St. George's Day, which general consent has fixed as Shakespeare's birthday. The Monmouth Gateway (of which an engraving is annexed) is four miles distant from Ross, seven from Monmouth, and fifteen from the cathedral city of Hereford. The Entrance Hall was graced with a rare bronze lamp dug from the ruins of Herculaneum. An oriel painted window, being an effigy of Meyrick ab Llewely, esquire to King Henry VII., has emblazoned the family arms, crest, and motto. The legend of St. George is well depicted in an oak carving of much merit. Henry VI.'s Gallery, 106 feet long, formerly had the most magnificent suit of armour in the known world. It belonged to the Duke of Ferrara, to whom "Jerusalem Delivered" was addressed by Tasso. The Asiatic Ante-Room contained a splendid collection of Chinese weapons and a sword taken from Prince Hyder Khan in 1839. The Asiatic Armoury was enriched with numerous Hindoo idols together with a bullet proof suit of armour which was once in the collection of the late Duke of York. The South Sea Room was appropriated to cloaks and other trinkets belonging to early inhabitants of the Pacific. The Banquetting Hall, 50 feet long, had a fine copy of the *Nuremburg Chronicle*, 1493; portraits of Lord Howard Effingham, the queen of James I., and her son, Colonel Joyce, and Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. The Hastilude Chamber was noted for dresses of guards in the costume of Henry VIII., and were worn by the javelin men when Sir Samuel Meyrick was High Sheriff of the county in 1834. The Grand Armoury was contained in a room 88 feet long. The emblazoned banners of the knights holding lands in Herefordshire add much to the effect of the gallery which surrounds the room. It is lighted with gas, and the shape of the burner is that form known as "the holy sprinkle," of the fifteenth century. A German saddle covered with bone is carved in relief, with two lovers in the costume of the fifteenth century. Thereon is carved a sonnet in German.

A Chapel fitted according to the ancient ceremonial with altar, confessional, font, and eagle desk was always noticed with the altar cloth of crimson velvet. There were also croziers and processional crosses of rarity. Many thousand persons visited the Court during the life-time of Sir Samuel, but on his death the beautiful possession passed to Colonel Meyrick, a nephew of the Duke of Cleveland. Up to last year the exhibition was maintained, but in the Spring the Colonel lent the collection of armour to the British nation for twelve months. This valuable loan of curiosities was deposited in the South Kensington Museum for the free inspection of visitors. Throughout the year, dating from May, it has been visited by crowds. The grounds and gardens are laid out at the Court with great taste, and we believe that a Birmingham magnate was in treaty for the purchase of the estate when it was in the market in the autumn. Report even went so far as to say that Mr. Muntz was the purchaser, but this statement was contradicted.

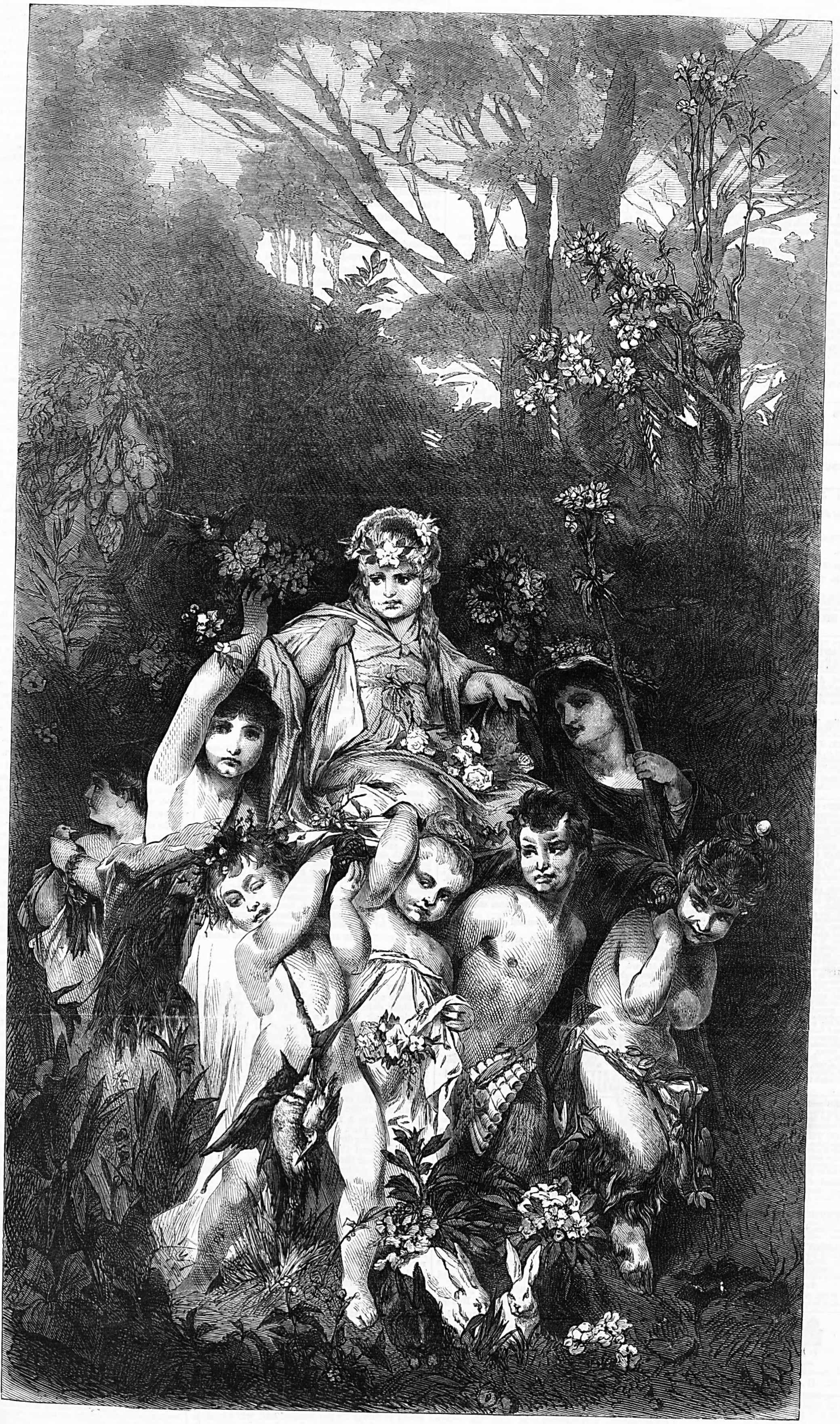
Y Crwys (pronounced E Croois and corrupted into "the Croose") signifies The Cross. The ancient British cross stood on the same spot as this house, which was originally built in the time of Edward I., by William de Valence, who had married the heiress of Goodrich Castle. It appears to have been pulled down to the first floor in the time of Henry VIII., and converted to the purposes of a jail after the change of religion, though the broken shaft of a column remained on the roof at its intersection, when it retained the original name.



GOODRICH COURT.



BELMONT PRO-CATHEDRAL AND MONASTERY, NEAR HEREFORD. *(See page 358.)*



A GROUP OF FAUNS.—*BY HANS MAKART.* *(See page 368.)*

SPECIAL Advertisements inserted in this column at special rates.

NOTICE.

IN consequence of numerous Complaints from private persons and the trade, that the ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS is only to be obtained with difficulty in London, Messrs. Hatton & Co., beg to state that they have OPENED a SPECIAL PUBLISHING OFFICE, at 33, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, under the management of Mr. R. Watson. Henceforth, all the London Agents will be supplied from that office every Friday morning, and the paper can be had there at all times. Country agents may now order through *all the London Agents*, in the same way that they order their London papers.

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M. de Bernardy, 8, Place de la Madeléine, is the Wholesale Agent in Paris; and will supply the paper to regular subscribers in France, Spain Italy, and Switzerland.

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Wholesale Agents for THE ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS are being appointed in every town in the kingdom. Terms, and full particulars, may be learnt on application at the Office, 108, New Street, Birmingham.

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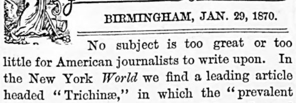

The Illustrated Midland News

BIRMINGHAM, JAN. 29, 1870.

No subject is too great or too little for American journalists to write upon. In the New York *World* we find a leading article headed "Trichinæ," in which the "prevalent German custom" to eat raw pork is condemned as "indecent and uncivilized." The pig (says the *World* writer) is an agitating animal. Whether he is good to eat or not is a problem which has disturbed the ages. Moses thought he wasn't. So did Mahomet. Six ancient and eminent authorities have confused their perceptions of the subject by the careless ingestion of sausage and ham sandwich, and in consequence the pig has achieved a sort of prandial toleration. But he now and then takes signal vengeance upon his consumers by causing them to expire of trichiniasis. He therefore affords a demonstration of the wisdom of the Mosaic and Mahometan interdict. Perhaps he is not fit to eat, after all; perhaps the pork barrel, which is the corner-stone of rustic subsistence in America, is a superstition—a flesh-pot of all foulness, from which issue scrofula, consumption, hypochondriasis, and the other wretched maladies which seem so prevalent in this country. Cooking, as everybody knows, destroys the trichinæ, and it is asking very little of anybody to "first cook their pig" before eating him. Eaten raw, pork would kill a Sandwich Islander; and our New York contemporary quotes a case which lately happened at Illinois, where a family of Hollanders "who of course kept up the stupid and perilous custom in which they had been reared at home of eating their pork raw," have died from trichiniasis. Let those who prefer to eat their pork half-done beware of the trichinæ!

BY a majority of 52 the ratepayers of Willenhall have adopted the Free Library Act; and we may soon expect to hear that the efforts of the Legislature to diffuse the benefits of education by self-study are appreciated to the fullest extent. The Free Library Act has not, however, been adopted without opposition. The case of the opponents of the Act was very weak. It was contended by one speaker that 294 country ratepayers had "already paid gas and other rates, from which they derived no benefit," and it was urged "that the establishing of the Act would be most unfair to them." There were few sympathisers with this view of the matter, and when, after a warm discussion, the votes were taken, there were 93 for, and 41 against, the adoption of the Free Library Act, and "vociferous cheering" told how the land lay. At Walsall and Wolverhampton the Free Library Act has, we believe, worked well, and we are sure that our Willenhall friends will derive from it equal benefit to that which the Act has conferred upon the two other Black Country towns. To Mr. J. C. Tildesley the merit in a great measure belongs of inducing the Willenhall people to adopt the Free Library Act, which has also had earnest supporters amongst the local clergy and others.

AT a dinner of the licensed victuallers, held recently at Aston, Mr. Newdegate, M.P. for North Warwickshire, made some remarks upon the licensing question. The honourable gentleman is reported to have said that the revenue ought not to be increased "by granting the greatest possible number of licenses; that system had been tried in Liverpool, and, he believed, in Wolverhampton; the result was that it had made the two towns so drunken that they had become the shame of Parliament." This statement was contradicted at the time by a deputation from the Wolverhampton Licensed Victuallers' Friendly and Protection Society, and in the report of that association read at the last annual dinner we find the matter again mentioned and again contradicted. The committee of the association say in their report:—

> The magistrates of this borough do not grant licenses in such a reckless manner. To show to you and to Mr. Newdegate that the licenses are not granted in the way that he is being led to believe, in Wolverhampton there were in
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> | | | | | | |
> |---|---|---|---|---|---|
> | 1863 | 215 | Public-houses, | with a population | of | 63,000 |
> | 1864 | 214 | „ | „ | „ | 64,000 |
> | 1865 | 215 | „ | „ | „ | 65,000 |
> | 1866 | 219 | „ | „ | „ | 69,000 |
> | 1867 | 218 | „ | „ | „ | 67,000 |
> | 1868 | 219 | „ | „ | „ | 68,000 |
> | 1669 | 219 | „ | „ | „ | 69,000 |
>
> This will show that the free trade system of granting licenses has not been carried on by the magistrates of Wolverhampton. It is very gratifying to your committee to know that the certificates at the General Annual Licensing Meeting were all granted to the victuallers of this borough without one word of complaint, which speaks volumes in favour of those in the trade, and your committee trust that the same may be continued for very many years to come.

A most convincing argument, and a most laudable wish, which we cordially echo.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT VIOLETS.—No flowers are more admired or have so little care bestowed on their cultivation as the violet. Plenty of people think because a violet will grow and flower in a hedge-row, it ought to do so in a garden without any care or cultivation. This idea is, however, a mistaken one, although no plants are more easy to manage, or so grateful for good cultivation. A writer in the "Gardeners' Magazine" details a system which furnishes an abundance of flowers from the beginning of autumn till the end of spring. For flowering in the autumn none can equal the *Single Russian*, and, to ensure a regular supply, new beds are made every year. The plants are prepared by simply pegging down the runners to the soil early in March, and then placing a handful of fine sandy soil over them. In about six weeks or two months the young runners will be well rooted, when they can be carefully lifted, and one half planted in the kitchen garden, and the other half by the side of the walk in the orchard-house. Those for flowering in the open air are planted in their permanent quarters, and shaded lightly with branches of evergreens for the first two months, and watered in dry weather; those for flowering in the orchard-house are planted in rather fine and rich soil on the north side of a wall. The only requisite attention after this will be to keep the weeds down and the plants liberally supplied with water in very dry weather. Early in October, the stock will be ready for lifting, and each plant must be taken up with as much soil as will adhere to its roots, and be planted in the orchard-house. Here they will flower abundantly from the beginning of November onwards. The outdoor plants are left to themselves after they are well established. In very hot summers, like those of '68 and '69, the shading is renewed by a fresh supply of green branches, because moderate shading is of more real service than heavy waterings without shade. The outdoor plants will be nicely in flower by September, and will continue so all the winter. The orchard-house is admirably adapted for growing violets, because, although they do not require much heat they must have shelter and a constant supply of fresh air.

OCCASIONAL LETTERS.

MR. EDITOR,—I address you from London, the centre of civilisation, the centre of art and literature, and politics, and vice; the most wonderful city in the world, despite the beauties of Paris and the "social go" of Vienna. Abroad we pity the poverty and beggary of Italian cities, but the poverty and beggary of London always strikes me as the most wretched and heart-breaking. There are "back-slums" and half-fed men and women in Birmingham and Sheffield and other Midland towns; but the dark side of London is full of the blackest blurs and blotches that are to be found in all England's social constitution. If you walk home from any part of London, you cannot go to bed without a heart-ache, especially if your way be underneath the piazzas of Covent-garden.

Politicians are busy discussing the reason why there is so much pauperism in the land. The number of people out of work is appalling. A reactionary feeling against Free Trade seems to be growing up. One speaker says the French Treaty has robbed the English workmen of £14,000,000, that being the increase in manufactured importations. Another laughs at the notion that Protectionists can still be found in the land which champions Free Trade. "Reciprocity!" cries a third. It would be a grand thing for us if we could have "reciprocity," and herein lies the difficulty of the position. Without a doubt we have given a great deal to foreign countries; we have marvellously improved the commerce of France. At the same time we can hardly say that we have not benefitted too; but the nations which enjoy the privileges of Free Trade at our hands ought to return the compliment. Even if they did, it might be worthy of consideration whether such an article as coal ought not at least to bear a special duty to the foreigner who uses it to manufacture iron which he sells cheaper in our own markets than we do. But this is a question for politicians. It will be much discussed within the next few months.

Some time ago Mr. Tom Taylor, when staying at Jersey, discovered in a provincial actress and her husband two of the greatest artists of the day. He said so, at least, in an article in the *Times*. Mr. and Mrs. Rousby were the two fortunate persons. Their abilities were specially tested on Saturday night, in a new drama, by Tom Taylor; or rather an adaptation of a German lady's play. Madame Birch-Pfeiffer called the drama "Elizabeth, Princess of England." The "adapter" changed the title to "'Twixt Axe and Crown." "The Lady Elizabeth," or "The White Rose," would have been more euphonious than either. The play is founded on the supposed love of Queen Mary and the Princess Elizabeth for Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon. The historical incidents of the period are brought out in a long and tedious number of scenes which might be considerably reduced. The play is too long by half, and there is in it a great lack of human interest. History is to blame for this, and not the dramatist, though the dramatist need not have chosen for representation the lives of two women who both lose their lovers at last—the Princess Elizabeth after an infinite amount of love-making and self-denial. The part of Courtenay did not suit Mr. Rousby, or Mr. Rousby did not suit the part. He was in truth a melancholy failure, though he must be credited with speaking plainly and distinctly, which is something in these degenerate times. His wife is without doubt one of the most beautiful women on the British stage. She is a glorious example of English loveliness, and a charming actress, too. Everybody was delighted with her. Her sweet sympathetic voice, her dreamy eyes, did much to rob the play of its monotony. She was "called" over and over again, and Miss Pauncefort, Henry Marston, Mr. Ryder, and Mr. Rousby came in for a fair share of the honours of the night. The play, I suppose, will be pronounced a success, but it must be considerably cut if it is to "run." I noticed in the stalls some distinguished first-night visitors. Art was represented by Calderon, Frith, and Tenniel. Amongst the dramatic authors present I saw Shirley Brooks, Mark Lemon, and F. C. Burnand. Serjeant Parry and Serjeant Ballantine were also there. Sir John Pakington and a party of friends sat in the second row of the stalls; and there was a knot of Press critics close by, but they had heard the play read a few nights previously. Mr. Tom Taylor was in the house and came into the stalls for a few minutes; but when he was "called," at the close of the performance, it was found that he had "escaped" from the theatre. The drama is magnificently mounted. The scenery and dresses are superb. The management of the Queen's deserves to be successful; it is spirited, liberal, and evinces a desire to elevate dramatic taste.

"The Nightingale," which was universally condemned, sneered at by the Press, and hissed by the audience the first night, is likely to prove a success, despite these awful omens. The theatre has been crowded all the week. The acting of Webster and Miss Furtado is exceedingly fine. It is strange that whenever Mr. Robertson writes for any other house than that at which he made his first hit his pieces are not successful, at any rate in the sense that "Caste," "Ours," and "School" are successful. Mr. Robertson's income from his plays is said to be close upon £300 a-week. He persists in declaring that "The Nightingale" is the best piece he has written.

Andrew Halliday brings out a new comic drama at the Royalty on Wednesday. Mr. Bellew is going to try "readings in costume," somewhat after the "Falstaff" fashion, only that Mr. Bellew's actors will not speak. He will read the text from the wing, or out of sight behind the curtain, whilst his assistants "suit the word to the action." Mr. Tupper has arranged to give a series of public readings of his "Proverbial Philosophy."

The rumour that Dr. Livingstone is dead has been revived. It is said the famous traveller has been poisoned. At present there is, I am happy to say, still every reason to doubt the truth of the statement.

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DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—Extract of a letter from Mr. Morris Banks, Chemist, 3, High Street, Birmingham. —"I have much pleasure in stating that I do not remember keeping a remedy for coughs, asthmas, &c., that sold so freely or gave such general satisfaction." They give instant relief to asthma, consumption, coughs, and all disorders of the breath and Lungs. To Singers and Public Speakers they are invaluable for clearing and strengthening the voice, and have a pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Box. Sold by all Druggists. [544

NEWS OF THE MIDLANDS.

The Telegraphs.—Yesterday (Friday) the final transfer of the telegraphs to the Government began, and will be completed by eight o'clock on the morning of the 5th of February. On that day the whole of the telegraphic business throughout the United Kingdom will come into operation, and the uniform shilling rate will be adopted.

Dr. Mackenzie, Archdeacon of Nottingham, is gazetted Bishop Suffragan of the see of Nottingham.

A subscription of £5 has been given to the National Education League funds by the Nottingham Branch of Amalgamated Cordwainers.

Sedgley Vicarage.—The Rev. A. Chirol has been appointed Curate-in-Charge of the parish church during the vacancy caused by the lamented death of the late vicar. The patron of the living is the Earl of Dudley, but it is understood that Dr. Claughton, the Bishop of Rochester, disposes of his Lordship's ecclesiastical patronage. The net income of the living is £503; it is valued in the "King's Book" at £5 12s. 8½d. The appointed sequestrators are Messrs. Samuel Rowley and Benjamin Whitehouse, the churchwardens for the parish.

The Spring Assizes.—The Spring circuits have been arranged as follows:—

Home.—Chief Justice Cockburn and Mr. Justice Keating.
Northern.—Mr. Justice Wiles and Mr. Justice Brett.
Western.—Lord Chief Baron and Mr. Justice Hannen.
Midland.—Mr. Justice Montague Smith and Mr. Baron Cleasby.
Oxford.—Mr. Baron Martin and Mr. Justice Lush.
Norfolk.—Mr. Justice Byles and Mr. Justice Blackburn.
South Wales.—Lord Chief Justice Bovill.
North Wales.—Mr. Baron Channell.

Opposition to the Education League.—A meeting was held at the Angel Hotel, Pershore, on Tuesday, to discuss the education question. Mr. R. W. Johnson, of Bricklehampton Hall, presided. The general principles of the League were opposed, but the meeting was in favour of extending education by means of the system at present in force. The compulsory system, both directly and indirectly, was condemned; and the meeting was in favour of combining secular and religious education with a conscience clause. Government aid and inspection, the meeting considered, should be extended to village schools, and payment by results the invariable rule. Compulsory education was condemned, as being likely to press heavily upon the industrious poor, as well as hindering religious education. Local rating was also condemned, as being unjust; and it was resolved to petition Parliament in the matter. The chairman was cordially thanked, and the proceedings terminated.

Nottingham School of Art.—The report read at the annual meeting on Tuesday evening shows that this school has never been in so satisfactory a position as it is at present. The total number of students who attended the school classes during the past year has been 409, viz., ladies, morning, 50; evening, 52; gentlemen, morning, 7; artisans, evening, 300. This does not include those who receive art instruction at public and private schools through the agency of this institution, numbering about 400. The school fees showed an increase of about £23 over those of 1868. A Government bonus of the second amount, £40, was awarded to Mr. J. S. Rawle, the head master, for the success attending the school. The Government paymentt on "results" for the year has been £299 15s. There is a deficiency of £41 on the current school account. Lord Belper has consented to take the presidency of the school, and Mr. R. Birkin, Mr. C. Paget, Mr. Seeley, M.P., and Colonel Wright, M.P, were elected vice-presidents.

Serious Riots at Thorncliffe.—There have been riots at Thorncliffe, near Sheffield, where the non-unionist men were attacked by unionists and badly treated. The rioters went so far as to release a prisoner from the police and to commit other excesses. Those unionists who have been locked out for fifty weeks deny being concerned in the affair. Some of the men were strangers to the district, many had their faces blacked with soot; others were painted black and white, producing a hideous effect. All were armed—either with fire-arms or sticks with knobs studded with sharp pieces of steel. On Sunday thousands of people went from Sheffield and other places to Thorncliffe. A non-unionist miner foolishly went into the crowd, ostensibly to rescue a dog. He was set upon, kicked, and brutally treated. There was no further outbreak on Sunday. Seventeen rioters were apprehended up to Monday. It has been decided that the soldiers shall be kept near to the collieries. Considerable excitement still prevails in the neighbourhood. In the next issue of our Paper our Artist's Sketches of the Riots will appear.

Adoption of the Free Library Act at Willenhall.—The propriety of adopting this Act was discussed on Thursday se'nnight at a public meeting of the inhabitants of Willenhall. Mr. R. D. Gough presided, and explained the provisions of the Act. As to the amount that a Free Library Rate would realise he said:—

> From a calculation he had made he found that a rate of one penny in the pound on all the assessable property in the township would produce about £146 10s. per annum. Besides that, the room in which they were assembled had produced £25 per year, and he had no doubt that in the hands of the Local Board the room would produce at least that sum if not more. So that putting these two items together the income to be derived for the purposes of a Free Library, &c., would not be less than from £170 to £175 per annum, and if they put down, say £50 a year for the salary of the librarian, and £20 for gas and firing, that would leave them a clear £100 for the purchase of books for the library, magazines, newspapers, &c., for the reading-room and other expenses.

The Rev. G. H. Fisher strongly advocated the adoption of the Act, and proposed a motion to that effect, which Mr. James Tildesley seconded, the Rev. T. W. Fletcher supported, and Mr. H. Greader opposed, exhibiting a protest which he said was signed by 294 county ratepayers. There was some further opposition to the motion; and upon the votes being taken, there were 93 for the adoption of the Act and 41 against it. The result was recorded with great cheering.

The foot-and-mouth disease has appeared at Holymoorside, near Chesterfield.

Wolverhampton workhouse had last week 831 inmates; 4,331 out-door paupers were relieved.

A white butterfly was captured a few days ago at Heath Town.

Charlotte Clemson, aged 4, has died at the hospital, Wolverhampton, from the effects of burns.

A block of stone fell upon George Robinson, a quarryman at Monk Bretton, Barnsley, on Saturday, and killed him on the spot.

The Leeds Church Extension Society will shortly have been instrumental in building nine churches, and securing £48,000 for endowments.

A lad named Thomas, aged 4, was drawn into a shaft at the Sampson Collery, Oldbury, on Monday, and killed.

Mary Robinson, of Pigott-street, Birmingham, fell downstairs on Saturday and died shortly after.

The Birmingham *Gazette* authoritatively contradicts a report that Mr. John Hardy intends to resign his seat for South Warwickshire.

Mr. Gladstone has conferred the living of Wadingham, in Lincolnshire on the Rev. William Josiah Irons, D.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Vicar of Brompton.

The pantomime of "Goody Two Shoes" at the Theatre Royal, Sheffield, is drawing large audiences. We are compelled to postpone a notice of the piece until next week.

At a public meeting of the inhabitants of Derby, on Tuesday evening, the Mayor presiding, a resolution in favour of the National Education League was carried. A branch of the League is to be formed at Derby.

Killed on the Line.—On Thursday se'nnight the body of a man was found on the rails near Leicester, frightfully mutilated, the head being severed from his body. The man was a ribbon weaver and had been to Leicester to look for work.

The arbitration between the Great Northern and the Midland as to the carriage rate to be charged for coal going by railway is causing a good deal of interest in South Yorkshire. Sir John Karslake's decision was expected this week.

Clerical Vacancies.—Amongst others, the following vacancies are announced: The Rectory of Alstonfield, Staffordshire, worth £300 a year; the Curacy of Leek, Staffordshire, worth £140 a year; the Curacy of Sneyd, Burslem, worth £120 a year.

The Case of Captain Vale.—Worcestershire and Herefordshire readers will remember that some time ago Captain Vale, of Malvern, and his servant, were fined by the Malvern Bench for cruelty to a horse. Since then Captain Vale has made an ineffectual attempt to obtain a summons for perjury against the veterinary surgeon who tried the case. In consequence of the refusal of the local magistrates to grant the summons, Mr. Henry James, Q.C., made an application on Monday to the Court of Queen's Bench for a mandamus, calling on the Justices to show cause why they should not issue a summons as required by the complainant. After a lengthened argument, the Court, having heard the affidavit of the complainant as to the merits of the case, granted a rule ordering the Justices "to hear and determine the matter."

A Menagerie on Fire.—Whittington's menagerie, which is exhibiting at Carr's-lane, Birmingham, had a narrow escape from total destruction by fire on Tuesday morning. A large caravan, half of which was used as a residence, the other half containing wild animals, caught fire (it is supposed owing to the stove). Mr. Whittington, whilst endeavouring to cut off the ropes which secured the canvas roof of the menagerie, fell into the flames and was badly burnt. The burning caravan was got away from the other wagons, and the Fire Brigade arriving, the fire was prevented from spreading. A large lion made fierce attempts to escape, tearing a piece out of the top of his cage. A jackal, a racoon, and other small animals were burnt, and some money and bills shared the same fate. The damage is between £150 and £200. The property was not insured.

A Hunt Breakfast.—Those who have been accustomed to follow the Worcestershire hounds are acquainted with Bricklehampton Hall, the seat of R. W. Johnson, Esq., situated near Pershore, in one of the most charming parts of the county. Thither, on Friday, the members of the Hunt and others were bidden by Mr. Johnson to breakfast, on the occasion of the hounds meeting at Bricklehampton. The weather was not inviting to fox-hunters: a cloudy sky was not wanting, but it by no means proclaimed "a hunting morning." Nevertheless, there was a good muster from Pershore, Evesham, Worcester, Cheltenham, &c., and a large number of guests assembled at the hospitable hall. Mr, Johnson presided, and the guests included Mr. H. F. Vernon, M.F.H., Hanbury Hall; Sir Edmund Lechmere; Mr. J. R. Cook, Woodhampton; Mr. Freer, Bretforton; Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Shekell; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Holland, Cropthorne; Miss Garnett, Rouse Lench; Mr. Garnett; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Penrose, Broadway; Miss Ireland, Cheltenham; Mr. C. P. Noel, Bell Hall; Rev. J. Cook, Peopleton; Col. Marriott, Avon Bank; Mr. Walter C. Hemming, Spring Grove; Mr. E. Woodhouse, Worcester; Mr. Hattill Foll and Miss Foll, Beckford Hall; Mr. E. A. H. Royds, Malvern: Mr. Watson; Mr. Woodward; &c. An elegant breakfast was served, and much enjoyed by the guests, who were shortly afterwards in the field. The hounds went first to Netherton Brake, and from thence to Holland's Gorse, where they found a fox. Going away to the top, they made a semicircle towards Hinton, turned to the right, and went to Hinton Gorse. From thence they went to Aston Wood and to the top of the Bredons, where they got on a fresh fox without stopping the run, and went to Elmley Park. There the fox was lost. They went off immediately to Cropthorne Spinney, where there was an outlying fox. They found him directly, ran through Cropthorne village by the river, turned to the right by the end of the village, and again ran round to Holland's Gorse, killing in the gorse. Time, about 30 minutes.

Letters may now be despatched from King's Norton until 7 15 p.m.

The death is announced of Mr. William White, the well-known directory publisher.

The Earl of Dudley has signified his intention of giving £1,000 towards the erection of a new infirmary at Kidderminster.

The local fire-brigade behaved most intrepidly at a fire on Sunday night, at the Don Chemical Works, Attercliffe, Sheffield.

A new organ, built by Mr. J. Stacey, Sheffield, was opened on Sunday at Beighton Church. Mr. J. C. Walker, organist of St. Paul's, Sheffield, played.

Amusements.—The Birmingham pantomimes are running successfully.—Madame Norman Neruda will appear for the last time at Mr. Russell's concert, at Birmingham Town Hall, on Friday next, when Mr. Sims Reeves is announced to appear also.—Mr. Harrison announces a grand concert for the 17th of February.—At the Birmingham Concert Hall (Judd's) and at Day's the Christmas pieces continue to attract large audiences.

GAVROCHE.[*]

Why "Gavroche?" The question may be asked by all who take up this book without displaying any culpable ignorance; it is one which but few readers this side the Channel will probably be able to answer off-hand. Even a careful perusal of the volume barely explains the enigma. Mr. Jerrold does not condescend to say why he has so christened the last offspring of his pen, so that the uninitiated are justified in mistaking its outside for that of a sensational novel or a member of the family of Bézique.

He seems altogether to ignore the fact that there are, perhaps, people who have not read Les *Misérables*, and who have not learnt the characters in that fanciful work by heart. Many, of course, will remember the Street Arab, who is a prominent figure in some of Victor Hugo's literary *tableaux*, but even they may be excused for not knowing, or rather are not all expected to know, that the urchin's name has become a byword in France to designate the lower orders generally—those French classes of the community upon which revolutionary journalists work and reckon for support.

Why Gavroche? again we ask, and almost lose patience with an author of Mr. Jerrold's large experience for having given such a title to his book. It seems as though he desired to make the volume "caviare" to the multitude, although its contents are of the greatest interest at the present moment to every English reader. Had Mr. Jerrold followed the example of those book-makers whose publications are made to sell, and had called his work after its hero, the attention of the public would have been more certainly attracted towards it, and its theme at once have been more intelligible, albeit at the sacrifice of an agreeable surprise which its perusal now affords.

A resident in Paris, an acute observer, and moreover a very able political writer, whose opinions are Liberal in the widest sense of that term according to its acceptation in this country, Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is a competent authority upon the writings and doings of those men who lately have been striving to upset Peace and Order in France. To use his own words, he has watched the growth of Liberty in the arms of Order; he has advanced, watching step by step the developments of the party which is putting the liberties of the people in jeopardy. His book, "The Gavroche Party," is a series of essays, written in a terse, epigrammatic style, which gives marvellous force and colour to every incident encountered at various times during this experience.

Commencing in March, 1868, the essays conclude in November, 1869, and are practically a narrative of what has been done or attempted by Rochefort and his colleagues during that period. The literary career of the arch-*irreconcileáble* is related with consummate skill. Mr. Jerrold's estimate, writing of his hero, is as follows:—

"Among the satirical writers of the Second Empire, Henri Rochefort, who does not date far back, has the sharpest and deepest sting. His weapon is cold and glittering. He is pitiless and plain-spoken. He conveys to his reader his own sense of enjoyment when he is using the scalping knife. The mocker revels in phrases that degrade the diplomatic uniform to the potman's plush and humble the princess to the *chiffoniére*. (Hence his leadership of the Gavroche party.) He delights to pin a ridiculous something upon a man's coat, to stab with a *mot*; to strip artfully-clothed deeds and things, and discover the mean motive of that which the blind world has agreed to call a noble action."

While evidently admiring Rochefort's talent, Mr. Jerrold condemns the purposes such talent has been made to serve. Speaking of the *Lanterne*, he says:—"It was equivalent to a weekly fencing lesson; and each week the intrepid and polished master displayed a new grace and a stronger wrist. I would not maintain for a moment that half the play was fair; that the satire was usually in good taste; that charges were not insinuated which were incapable of proof. The satirist did not behave towards his antagonist *en galant homme*. By the light of the *Lanterne* imperial institutions and Imperialists look so much rottenness. A wise man has said that in any controversy the instant we feel angry we have ceased striving for truth, and begun striving for ourselves. Rochefort does not show his anger. As I have before remarked, coldness is a main part of his force. But he contrives to convey to his reader a sense of the deep-rooted bitter hate which is in his soul."

Many amusing events are described in the essays, such, for instance, as an electoral meeting at the *Folies Belleville*, when the speakers are continually interrupted by a Commissioner of Police, and the entertainment of the evening winds up by "a citizen, although the legal hour is passed, insisting on being heard. He must express his devotion and his readiness to sacrifice his head for the sovereign people; but he is borne off with the crowd making wild gesticulations amid general laughter. At the doors," adds Mr. Jerrold, "there was a subscription for Gent's candidature: receipts sixty centimes."

Another anecdote of a more sepulchral character is that of a funeral at which "an individual who had been seen neither at the mortuary house nor at the church pushed breathlessly to the front. His intentions were not misunderstood, for he held a paper in his hand. The sexton paused to listen. The new individual was in the black coat and white cravat proper to the occasion; but in the details of his costume a fine observer would have remarked a nicer and richer taste than is usual at a funeral. As his linen was embroidered with arabesques, his trousers were moulded too elegantly to his limbs. His shoes were too thin for the season. On the other hand he was in profound grief."

The new comer makes an oration over the open grave and gives unmistakeable signs of intoxication. He is, however, allowed to continue. "Giving way to his emotion the orator dived into his pocket for his handkerchief. Then a strange spectacle was seen. He drew forth with his handkerchief an immense pasteboard nose with horsehair moustache attached—a nose at home only at an opera masked ball. The nose fell into the grave and rebounded with a hollow sound upon the coffin. But it soon disappeared under the earth which the grave diggers were casting over the mortal part of Baumevielle. Go to Montparnasse Cemetery, follow the first alley on the left, a broken column is at the end of it. It is there Paul Polyeucte Baumevielle, manufacturer of alimentary substances, and judge of the Tribunal of Commerce of the Seine sleeps the eternal sleep—under the pasteboard nose of his friend." The story is taken from Monselet's *Scénes de la Vie Cruelle*, to show that "he whose business is amusement may and does gather materials of his trade in the felon's cell and at the grave." It is an extract from that which Mr. Jerrold calls pitiless French literature, in which "the clown grins through the widow's cap; the harlequin slaps the back of age with his bat and shivers it over the busy graveyard."

As a specimen of Mr. Jerrold's style, and a remarkable instance of effective writing, we quote the first pages of the Essay bearing date October, 1869—the time when Napoleon III. was said to be seriously ill.

"Dip your spoon into his soup; slip finger and thumb under his sleeve and feel his pulse. When he sleeps, lay your head against his heart, and count its beatings. Does he cry aloud in the fiercest passages of his pain? Be at hand, and keep the register upon a tally stick—a notch to each paroxysm. Cæsar is ill. He is in a blue flannel dressing gown, ungloved, unshorn, with drooping moustache and lack lustre eye; the monarch put away, and present only the creature tortured and shaken like any peasant of the swamps. Then have at him. Sketch him when he winces; be at his elbow when he turns from his food; reckon narrowly the chances against him; and be sure he remembers, day by day, that his funeral can at the most occupy only two hours, let the car crawl as it may between the Tuileries and the Invalides. . . . . Spare him not, albeit he has been a mighty worker in history. Rend his heart if you can while it is feeling flesh, by putting under his eye all your littleness and all your ingratitude. Be quite sure you remember no good he has wrought; no nobility of intelligence and of soul which he has discovered; no pledge of his devotion to France, which he has given through the Herculean labours of his most marvellous life."

This satirical address to the hostile press of Paris continues, and in an article worthy in every respect of his father's pen Blanchard Jerrold exposes the bad taste and worse feeling of the Rochefort party and its parasites. Recent events in Paris have considerably enhanced the value and significance of every page of Mr. Jerrold's book, containing as it does much information concerning the most notorious political Frenchmen of the day. Many of the Essays have already appeared in the columns of our critical contemporary the *Athenæum*. In their present form they will be valued by all English readers who care to follow a well-informed and conscientious guide through the intricate paths of Continental political existence.

Although we have taken exception to the title Mr. Jerrold has adopted for his work, on account of its obscure meaning, we can unreservedly and heartily recommend all that he has written to those who feel an interest in the present position of French affairs. The few quotations we have given but inadequately prove the intrinsic merits of the book.

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[*] "The Gavroche Party." By Blanchard Jerrold. London: J. Camden Hotten, Piccadilly.

FADED FLOWERS.

An old man now, I sit and think
Alone and sad to-night;
Some faded flowers, tied with pink,
Have dropped before the light.
The book I reached from off the stand
Seemed quite untouched for ages;
It opened wide within my hand,
These flowers between the pages.

At once my thoughts go back for years,
My present life fades fast,
My eyes grow dim, unbidden tears
Spring forth and fall at last;
And all the mist of years rolls by,
And all the wasted hours,
And once again I hear the sigh
Of *one* who plucked these flowers.

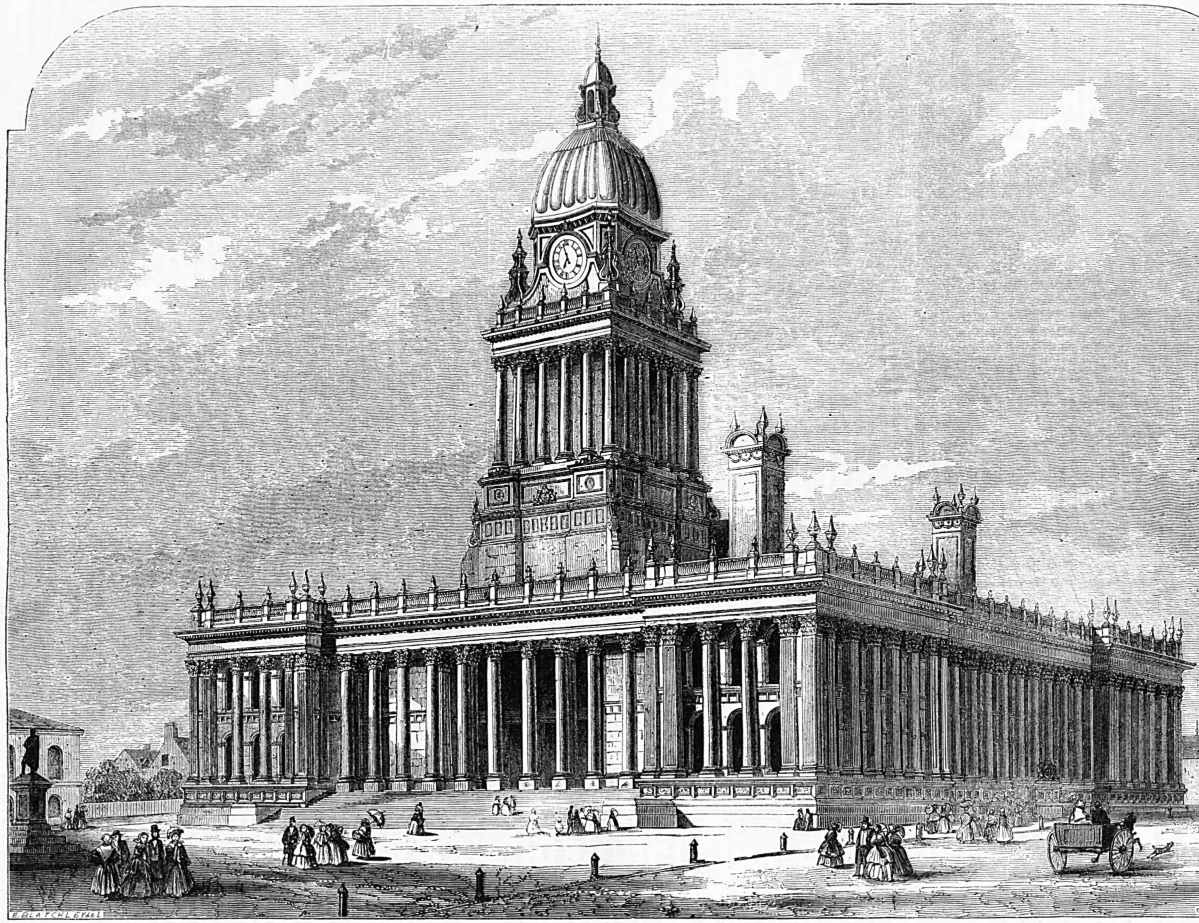
I stand once more beside the stile—
Our usual trysting place—
And watch the look, and note the smile
Of *one* sweet upturn'd face.
And then the mist rolls back again,
And all seems like a dream!
The woodland path—the hawthorn lane—
The flowers beside the stream!

Ah, me! these simple, faded flow'rs
Have brought back all the past:
My shadowed life—my wasted hours—
My *hopes*, so soon o'ercast.
Sad mem'ries lying still for years
Have sprung to life once more;
I rise, and murmur, midst my tears—
"Not lost, but gone before."

Leicester. W. C.

LEEDS TOWN HALL.

This magnificent building, of which we give an illustration, covers an area of 5,600 square yards, and is bounded on the south by Park-lane, on the north by Great George's-street, on the west by Oxford-place, and on the east by Calverley-street. The site on which it is erected was purchased from John Blayds, Esq., for £9,000. The form of the structure is a parallelogram, being 250 feet long by 200 feet in breadth. It stands on an elevated platform, and is surrounded by Corinthian columns and pilasters, supporting an entablature and balustrade, altogether about 67 feet in height. The large hall rises out of the centre of the building, to a height of 92 feet from the ground. The south or principal facade, which is approached by a handsome flight of 19 steps, 110 feet in length, has a deeply recessed portico of 12 columns, ten of them being in front, and two recessed. In the centre of this facade, and adjoining the south end of the large hall, rises the dome or tower, which is 225 feet in height. The two sides and north end of the building are somewhat similar to the south front, excepting that the columns and pilasters which surround them are near to the walls, and the intercolumns, or spaces between them, have two tiers of circular-headed windows.



LEEDS TOWN HALL.

The principal entrance is under the south portico, and consists of a large archway, 32 feet high by 21 feet wide. The lower part contains three splendid doors, composed of highly ornamented wrought and cast iron work, glazed. The tympanum of the arch is filled in with an emblematic group of figures, and the panels are elaborately carved, the work being executed by Mr. Thomas, of London, the celebrated sculptor of the Houses of Parliament. The group represents Leeds in its commercial and industrial character, fostering and encouraging the Arts and Sciences. The central figure, which is almost colossal, is that of a female, in free and elegant drapery, having in the out-stretched right hand a wreath, and in the left the distaff. Immediately behind this figure is a judicial chair, ornamented with rays of light, and flanked by owls, emblematical of wisdom, as well as being supporters of the arms of Leeds. On the right there is a personification of Poetry and Music, with the lyre and pipe, a Faun's head, and wreath of flowers in the background; and also a figure of Industry looking with anxious care towards the principal figure, and holding in her hands samples of textile fabrics. On the left there are also two figures, the one representing the Fine Arts, and the other Science. The former bears in her hands the emblems of painting, and leans upon a Corinthian capital, at the base of which is a bust of Minerva, at whose feet lie various portions of machinery. The panels forming the architrave to the arch, and spanning the group, are tastefully carved with various devices, selected from the arms of the town, with scroll ornaments, &c. The centre panel contains the scales of justice, surrounded with palm branches. The large panels on each side of the entrance doorways are filled in with bold and classic scrolls and foliage, in the centre of each of which is a child bearing the fleece, having beneath the fasces and other emblems of Power and Justice, and above the caduceus of Mercury, symbolic of Order, Peace, and Prosperity. The interior of the building is characterised by almost unequalled adaptation to the various municipal and judicial purposes it is intended to subserve, besides which it is in several important portions marked by ornamentation of the highest style of excellence.

The principal entrance opens into a vestibule, of very elegant proportions, with a domed ceiling, supported by four arches and fluted pilasters of the composite order, the apartment being 70 feet high, and 48 feet by 45 feet wide. It is separated from the large hall by a glass screen. In the centre of the vestibule stands a colossal statue in white marble of Queen Victoria, by Matthew Noble, Esq., of London, which stands upon a polished granite pedestal. The figure is eight feet six inches high, and was presented to the corporation by the Mayor (Peter Fairbairn, Esq.) The floor is inlaid with encaustic tiles, from the works of Messrs. Minton, Hollings, and Co., of Stoke-upon-Trent. The great hall is entered from the vestibule, and whether viewed in relation to its size, the harmony of its proportions, or the extreme beauty of its decorations, it is one of the noblest public rooms in the country. Its dimensions are 161 feet long, by 72 feet wide, and 75 feet high. With the exception of a small balcony over the entrance, at the south end, the room is without galleries, and the general effect is considerably enhanced by the uninterrupted view thus obtained of the entire hall. It is enriched with ornament in relief and in colour in an almost lavish manner, every portion being more or less decorated.

The sides of the hall are divided into five bays by composite Corinthian columns and pilasters, in imitation of Rosso Antico, with gilt bronze capitals and bases, standing upon a surbase, inlaid with precious and rare specimens of marbles, executed in the most finished style of painting. The inter-columns (or wall spaces between the columns) are of a pale green colour, bordered with a fret ornamental margin. The columns and pilasters support an enriched entablature, which, like the surbase, also run entirely round the hall. From this entablature springs the fine circular ceiling, which is divided into five bays, corresponding with the columns each bay being subdivided into five compound panels, highly ornamented with conventional foliage, in relief and coloured. The hall is lighted by ten semicircular windows immediately above the entablature, and at the springing of the ceiling. They are of very large dimensions and are mixed with stained glass by Messrs. Edmundson and Son, of Manchester. Above the windows are appropriate figures and ornaments in full relief by Mr. John Thomas, of London. Projecting from the centres or key-stones are rams' heads, from which are suspended ten magnificent cut glass chandeliers, made by Messrs. Osler of Birmingham, specially for the hall. The north end of the hall is semicircular on plan, and coved at the top, the seats of the orchestra running across the front,—the organ, built by Messrs. Gray and Davidson, of London, from designs by Messrs. Smart and Spark, filling up the back. The case for this instrument, from a design by Mr. Brodrick, was made in Leeds by Messrs. Thorp and Atkinson. The ornamental portions are entirely of wood, and were carved by Messrs. Matthews and Robinson of Leeds. The pipes are burnished and diapered in gold, the woodwork being either gilded or of polished wainscot. On the top are four figures and the Leeds arms, standing in bold relief against the deep azure background of the cove, powdered with stars. The outward appearance of the organ is in strict keeping with the hall. Appropriate mottoes are inscribed in different parts of the hall. On the semicircular frieze at the north end are the words "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it," and on the corresponding frieze at the opposite end, the text, "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." The other mottoes are placed on a level with the capitals of the columns, and run entirely round the hall:—"Honesty the best policy."—"Labor Omnia Vincit." —"Weave Truth with Trust."—"Magna Charta."—"Forward."—"Deo, Regi, Patriæ."—"Trial by Jury."—"Auspicium Melioris Ævi." —"Good will towards men."—"Virtue the only nobility."—"In Union is Strengh."—"Glory to God in the Highest." In the second recess of the large hall on the right, on entering, is the statue of the late Edward Baines, Esq., opposite which, is also the statue of the late Robert Hall, Esq., formerly M.P. for the borough. The whole of the coloured decorations in the large hall and vestible were executed by Mr. John Crace, of London, ata cost of £1,600.

At each side of the large hall there are refreshment rooms, dressing rooms, retiring rooms, &c. The kitchen establishment connected with this portion of the building is on the basement floor. There are also on the ground floor three Law Courts, and a Council Room for the meetings of the corporation. The two Law Courts at the north end of the building are each 55 feet long by 47 feet wide, and 45 feet in height. The Borough Court and Council Room are at the south end; the former being 55 feet long by 40 feet wide, and 40 feet high. These four apartments, situated at the four corners of the building, are of considerable architectural beauty, and are worthy neighbours to the grand hall. The rest of the ground floor is devoted to the town clerk's offices, borough surveyor's offices, rate office, judges' barristers', magistrates', jury, and waiting rooms; the whole being connected by a corridor, 10 feet in width, which runs entirely round the large hall, connecting the different entrances and vestibules together. The first or chamber floor is approached by four stone staircases, and contains the West-Riding magistrates' court, the mayor's reception rooms, and borough treasurer's offices. There is a large space all round the building, and the front, or south side, forms a good-sized square, in the centre of which stands a bronze statue, on a polished granite pedestal, of the Duke of Wellington, by the Baron Marochetti. Equi-distant from the statue are placed two handsome lamps, enclosed within a circle.

The total cost of the building, including the interior fittings and decorations, and the organ, with the land, was more than £100,000, raised by rates levied upon the inhabitants.

THE AUTEUIL TRAGEDY.

This week we give three illustrations connected with the recent tragedy at Auteuil, which has been fully detailed in previous Numbers. Our largest engraving represents the fatal affray in the house of Prince Bonaparte. It is a large room fitted up in the graceful style of the last century. The other illustrations are portraits of the late M. Noir and the Prince, the latter on page 368. The principal incidents in their lives have already been told.

A peculiarly sad case of sudden death has happened at Worcester. Mr. Sayce, of Britannia-square, well-known in the Midland district, was playing with his children on Friday at home, and expired suddenly in the midst of a game.

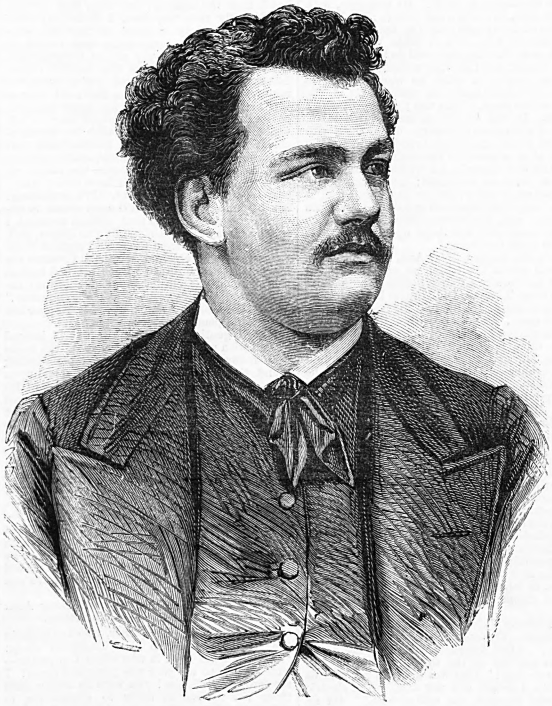
Dr. Döllinger has written an "open letter" in answer to the Bishops' Petition for the Declaration of Papal Infallibility. The *Pall Mall Gazette* terms it a "daring, learned, and eloquent counterblast."

The business of the Birmingham Alliance Fire Insurance Company is to be transferred to the Lancashire Insurance Company, which agrees to pay £2 per £1 share, and to discharge all the debts and liabilities of the Alliance.

Some scandal has been caused in the little Spanish colony at Paris by the sale of two immense diamonds, said to be worth half a million francs, for £180,000. These diamonds are supposed to have formed part of the crown of Spain, and have been abstracted by some means at the time of the revolution.

SUPPOSED MURDER AT COVENTRY.—On Monday a man was found in the Coventry canal near the Foleshill wood. The body was bruised and wounded in several places, and it appeared that an attempt had been made at strangulation. The medical men who examined the body agreed that the man had been killed before being thrown into the water. An enquiry has been commenced and adjourned for a fortnight.

LOCAL LAW CASES.—In the Queen's Bench on Monday *ex parte Hooper* was a rule for criminal information for libel. The applicant was Coroner for Staffordshire, and the libel was rather coarse. It appeared, however, that it had arisen out of the heat of an election for Tamworth, and that no serious imputation was really intended. Mr. H. James was for the applicant; Mr. Serjeant O'Brien and Mr. Waddy were for the defendant. The Court, on the whole, thought it was not a case for criminal information, as it had arisen out of an exciting election contest (in which the defendant himself had been grossly assailed), and any serious imputation was distinctly disclaimed. On these grounds the rule was discharged.—*Ex parte the Town Clerk of Sheffield v. the Sheffield Waterworks Company.*—Mr. Horace Lloyd (with him Mr. Shield) moved for and obtained a rule for a *mandamus* calling on the company to deposit their plan of underground waterworks, which it was represented, for municipal purposes, it was important should be disclosed.



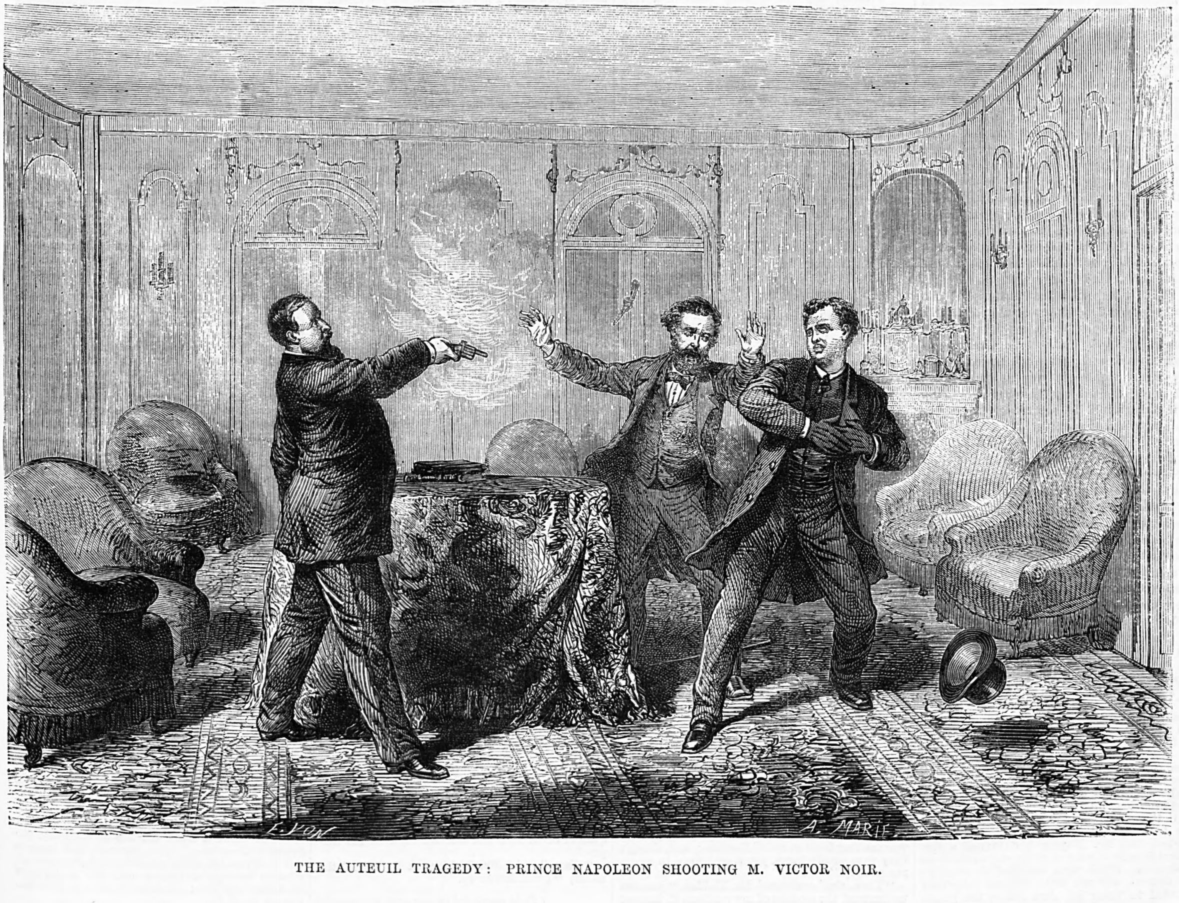
THE LATE VICTOR NOIR.

COMING HOME FROM CHURCH.

[SEE SUPPLEMENT.]

Two pretty girls walking home from Church on a Winter morning—this is what Mr. Eltze has drawn specially for the readers of the *Illustrated Midland News*, and we present the picture gratis with this week's paper. The Midlands have more than their share of Beauties: one we engraved some time ago — "A Staffordshire Beauty"—but it is doubtful whether she would be considered half so charming as these two Midland Counties girls of the nineteenth century, who are stepping bravely over the frosty, snowy ground, getting up appetites for luncheon at the old-fashioned country-house in which you may be almost sure they reside. They have been to the village-church, which they decorated for Christmas in the approved manner; they have probably taken part in the choral service—one perhaps acting as voluntary organist to the voluntary choir; they have heard the good clergyman's sermon; and now they are "homeward bound." The comfortable, cozy carriage with the drab lining has been sent for them; but they have left that vehicle standing at the church porch, and preferred to walk home across the fields—by tiny streams that trill pleasantly in the summer-time, but that are now ice-bound; by the farm-house, where they are preparing the mid-day meal; and so into the pleasant lane, where there will be violets and primroses blooming presently. A two-miles' walk is nothing to these Midland maidens: it is mainly the exercise of their pedestrian powers that makes them the healthful, bright girls which you can see they are. And they are only two out of many in this flourishing Mid-England.

As for us we know their very counterparts, and the path over the fields. We will not make any one county jealous of the other in so delicate a matter; but these two girls coming home from church this Sunday morning are the daughters of our especial friend. The path over the fields is known as the lovers' walk. It is fringed with tall old elms, behind which in the far distance nestles a little country church with an old ivy-covered belfry, and a quaint porch with stone seats in it and great oaken doors, You cannot come out of that church without the words of peace and love ringing in your ears. The preacher is a simple God-fearing man and loves his work; a hale, hearty, genial parson, full of real religious love and zeal; his sermons make you happy, they are hopeful and kindly, and you may eat your dinner after them with an honest appetite. These two girls have been listening to his loving words. The snow is lying thick under their feet, the whole time is to them bright and happy and joyous, as it should be. May no shadows ever cross their path through life; except such as come with the sunshine, like the shadows of the grand old elms in summer!



THE AUTEUIL TRAGEDY: PRINCE NAPOLEON SHOOTING M. VICTOR NOIR.

TIMOTHY TICKLER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERDANT GREEN."

CHAPTER X.

The Tickler at the Table.

"When my unfortunate infirmity of ticklemania," said the play-actor, in continuation of his story, "had led to the scene which proved fatal to Mr. Cuppledish's desires to obtain the presidential chair of the Recreative Roosters, my engagement with his daughter Lucy was abruptly broken through. But, though I determined to take a leaf out of her own book, yet I did not do so immediately. Some months had passed before Mary Ann had supplanted Lucy in my esteem; although I had seen the former daily from the date of my becoming assistant to her father, Mr. Napper, the hatter. Familiarity had not bred contempt; but it took six months to ripen into esteem. Like Shylock, Mr. Napper had but this one daughter and she was passing fair; yet, it was not until Lucy Cuppledish had used me so cruelly, that I had fully opened my eyes to the attractions of Mary Ann Napper. The lovely rose was in bloom, as it were, in my own parterre, and I had neglected it for a foreign blossom."

"You are rather flowery," said my friend Smith, as we sat under the chestnut-tree, and enjoyed a smoke the while we listened to the play-actor's story.

"Metaphor apart," said Mr. Tickler, "Mary Ann Napper was a very nice girl; and, if this were a burlesque, I should say that she was well calculated to make a man 'appier. Though I was somewhat tardy in recognising her personal merits and charms, yet, when they had once thoroughly commended themselves to my attention, I found them to be altogether to my mind. And so it happened, that when the image of Lucy Cuppledish was dethroned from its pedestal in my heart, that of Mary Ann Napper was exalted to its place. I was her first lover, or, at least, her first acknowledged lover, though, for some time, our mutual affection was kept secret from her master and mine. I was unwilling to hazard my position as Mr. Napper's assistant, as well as my hopes of his daughter's hand, if I was too premature in the avowal of my attachment. For the present, therefore, Lucy and I kept our attachment dark; and it flourished under the same conditions as rhubarb when reared in a cellar. Something, however, led to a disclosure, on a certain afternoon when Mr. Napper had been speaking about keeping me on for another year—my twelvemonth having just then expired; and, without exactly intending to do so, but, rather carried away by the impulse of the moment, I told him of my desire to enter into a life's partnership with his daughter."

"And with himself?" asked Smith, puffing away at his pipe, and enjoying the cool seat under the spreading chestnut.

"And with himself," echoed Mr. Tickler; "for I will not disguise from you that I had formed somewhat mercenary ideas in my own mind, and had imagined that the establishment in which I was apprentice might be converted into the Hat Emporium of Napper and Tickler. I should not have been the first apprentice who had married his master's daughter; and I had the vanity to think that I should make an excellent partner, both to Mr. Napper in the way of business, and to his daughter in the way of wedlock. The truth was out at last, and I had formally proposed for Mary Ann's hand. My master seemed to be much surprised at the announcement, but declined to give me an immediate answer; he promised, however, that he would take an opportunity to speak to his daughter on the subject, that same evening, and that he would let me know his decision then, or on the next morning. So I had to content myself with his promise.

"I must now explain to you, gentlemen, that Mr. Napper was a professed believer in all those mysteries of table-turning and hat-turning which had just then come into fashion. It was his belief that a solid mahogany table could be made to dance about a room just when and where he pleased to take it; and, although he had never been able to effect so great a prodigy as this, yet it was his conviction that, with plenty of practice—to say nothing of abundance of faith—he should be able to compel a dining-room table to disport itself like a trained elephant or any other quadrupedal performer. This, however, was an achievement for the future. For the present, Mr. Napper turned his attention to the turning of hats, as being not only more in his way of business, but also more manageable than heavy pieces of upholstery. Nevertheless, although he could not compel a long dining-room table to rise and fall at his will, yet he had a small round table that he was able to move round, with assistance. And many nights' practice had Mr. Napper at that round table."

"The modern nights at the round table," murmured my friend Smith.

"On the same evening that I had proposed for Mary Ann's hand," continued Mr. Tickler, "it happened that Mr. Napper had invited a few sceptical friends to witness some experiments in table-turning, which were designed to convince them that it was not the egregious folly they pretended to think it. Just before the guests assembled, my master came to me, to speak to me, as I fancied, about Mary Ann; but all that he said was—'You must help me all you can to-night in the table-turning, and be sure don't forget that the electric fluid flows through the button-hole. Everything will depend on that.' Well, gentlemen, the guests came, and they very soon set the master to work. He managed, with tolerable ease, to make a hat revolve; but his unbelieving audience said that the hat was a very light one—in fact, it was what we termed a Zephyr—and that anyone could do the same, with a little knack; but that they would be more disposed to believe in what he wanted them to believe, if he could move the round table in the middle of the room. This was the table of which I spoke. It was by no means a large table, though it was somewhat heavy—one of those with a central pillar and three branching feet. Old Napper at once accepted the challenge, knowing that he should succeed; for we had worked this table on previous occasions; and when, by a strong action of the wrists, we had once given it a start, very little impetus was required to sustain the force, and, by moving round with it, the pushing movement was kept up, and the table was thus made to revolve.

"When Mr. Napper, Mary Ann, and I stretched our hands round the table, we encompassed it, and did not require a fourth person to aid us. As we had done it before, Old Napper knew that we could do it again. So he told his friends that it could be done; and that, within three minutes from his placing his fingers upon it, they should see the table beginning to turn. They were a sporting lot, and they asked him if he would stake a tenner on the result. He said that he would do so. The bet was made, and the money was deposited; and then we commenced operations. Mary Ann and her father and I stood round the table, with our fingers pressed down upon it, and our little fingers linked with each other. Thus, the little finger of my right hand was linked in that of old Napper's left hand; while the little finger of my left hand was linked most lovingly with the little finger of Mary Ann's right hand. To us two lovers, the experiments in table-turning had been very pleasant, and we did not care how often they were repeated."

"'Linked sweetness long drawn out!'" my friend Smith was heard to murmur; though he might possibly have been apostrophising the coil of smoke as it curled upwards from the bowl of his pipe, in faint blue wreaths, until it melted in the cool gloom of the overspreading chestnut-tree.

Mr. Timothy Tickler applied to his glass for refreshment. It appeared to me to refresh his memory. "Old Napper whispered to me, as we took our position at the table, 'Flows through the button-hole!' That was what, in my present profession, I should call my cue. 'The electric fluid flows through the button-hole.' On no account must I forget that important direction."

CHAPTER XI.

The Tickler Tickled.

"They who sought to turn tables, often had the tables turned upon them;" I said, as the play-actor paused in his narrative. "Perhaps you found this to be the case, Mr. Tickler?"

"I did so, sir;" he replied, "and in a very unexpected way. Mr. Napper, Mary Ann, and I had taken up our positions, with linked fingers, at the round table, and the sceptical guests stood near, watches in hand, to mark the time. 'We shall begin,' said old Napper, 'when I say 'Now;' and, if, from that moment, the table does not move in three minutes, then I shall forfeit the ten pounds.' He then gave the signal 'Now!' and they began to mark the time. It was a critical moment. I knew, by the motion of old Napper's little finger, that he was working with his wrists, as hard as he could, so as to give the table its start. Of course, we only pushed one way: and I was careful to remember the cue that he had given me, 'the electric fluid flows through the button-hole!' If we had pushed in the other direction, we should have counteracted the force of the electric current, and the table would not have stirred. Of course you understand that, gentlemen; as you must know more about electro-biology than I can do."

"Yes, I think that we can understand that," I said. Mr. Timothy Tickler permitted himself to wink deliberately and voluntarily, and in a manner not to be confounded with the nervous twitching to which his face was subject. He then took a Dutchman's draught from his glass and proceeded with his story.

"Linked together, as Mary Ann and I were, by our little fingers, it might have been pardoned if the electric fluid had ebbed to and fro between us, instead of travelling past her in the direction of her father's button-hole. But we were careful to remember that much depended on what we did in enabling Mr. Napper to win his wager. So we stood round the table, while deep silence was kept.

"'It's coming!' cried old Napper; 'I feel the electric current pervading my frame,' This was the signal for us to put forth united action. 'One minute!' called the referee, as he stood, watch in hand. We pressed at the table, which, for the present, seemed to be as firm as a rock, and to have no more intention to 'flounder into hornpipes' than had Tennyson's 'Talking oak.' Just at the moment when the referee called 'One minute-and-a-half!' a wretched fly settled on my face and slowly crawled round my nose and mouth. I twitched my features convulsively, and moved my head to drive him off, but it was of no use; he only seemed to cling the more to my skin, and stuck to me like a leech. Well, gentlemen, if you have ever suffered yourselves to be tickled with a light feather round the corners of your mouth and nose, you will remember how exquisitely sensitive those regions are, and how desperately maddening it is if you are unable to rub them,"

"Yes," I said; "I remember, last Christmas, being condemned to that ordeal before a room full of company, when some absurd forfeits were cried, after a round game. I thought that I could steel my features, and rise superior to the situation; but I was forced to give way at last; especially as the fair young lady who was my torturer, although she did her spiriting gently, was making faces at me all the time; and, though they were pretty faces, yet they helped to upset my gravity."

"Then, sir," continued Mr. Tickler, "you can understand the agonies of my position, if, instead of a feather, you substitute a creature of the bluebottle species, and imagine me to be suffering tortures not only of body but of mind; because I well knew that in helping Mr. Napper to win his wager I should also be assisting myself in winning his daughter. For as yet he had not given his consent to our marriage. Unable to raise my hands from the table to drive away that horrible crawling fly from my face, I linked my little fingers desperately in those of my two confederates—I mean, companions—and sought, in every way, to relieve my almost insupportable agonies and to rid myself of that terrible insect. But in vain. The referee had got on from two minutes to two minutes and a half; old Napper was working so hard that, if his hands had been at liberty, he would have employed them to advantage by mopping his head with his handkerchief; I was so taken up with the bluebottle that I forgot all about the electric fluid and the button-hole, and probably did not assist the movement in the way that I ought to have done; when, just as old Napper cried out, 'It's beginning! it's beginning to move! it'll turn round in another second!' just at that critical moment I could bear my agonies of tickling no longer, and, dashing my hands from the table I applied them to my face for a vigorous scratch. I routed the bluebottle, but I ruined myself. I had broken the chain of the electric fluid and stopped the table from turning round. 'Three minutes!' called the referee; 'time's up. Mr. Napper has lost his ten pounds.'

"Well, gentlemen,—though it was ill instead of well with me—I need not linger on the scene that followed. Instead of the table turning round, the owner of the table turned round upon me. Old Napper was furious. The loss of his ten pounds was bad enough, but even this seemed not so hard to bear as the laughter and jeers of his sceptical friends. They declined to waste their time by witnessing a repetition of the experiment, declaring that they had seen quite enough of table turning, and were more than ever convinced that it was all humbug; and they went away, poking their fun at old Napper, until he was more furious than ever."

"As mad as a hatter?" said my friend Smith.

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Tickler; "I had often heard of a mad hatter, but now I saw one. His guests were scarcely clear of the house, when he turned upon me in a rage and said, 'You wished for an answer from me, and you shall have one at once.'

"'Sleep on it, pa!' interposed Mary Ann. But she could not avert the coming storm.

"'Sleep!' roared her father, who was quite in the Macbeth mood to have murdered sleep: 'No! you shall have it now while I'm awake—wide awake to all your vile plots and plans! I see through it all now! you were in league with those vile scamps in order to expose me to ridicule, and to make a laughing-stock of me, and to rob me of my money. I wish you joy of your share in your ten-pound plunder.' Now, this was quite a new idea to put on the matter; but it was in vain for me to protest that it was utterly erroneous.

"'Your engagement with me is up," said old Napper, 'and, fortunately, has not been renewed. It is now at an end, and the other engagement, too. You may pack up your traps and be off as soon as you like; I never wish to see you again.'

"And is that your wish, Mary Ann?" I asked plaintively.

"'I must obey my father,' she said, with an attempt at a whimper. 'But you know, Timothy, that you have always made fun of table-turning; and I really believe that you are a sharer in this shameful wager, as pa has said!'

"She positively believed it, gentlemen! that was the bitterest drop of all. The more I endeavoured to defend myself, the less I seemed to satisfy both father and daughter. 'I have been deceived in you, Timothy,' said she, 'I thought you the soul of honour!' 'I have nourished a viper in my bosom,' said he, 'and the worm has turned upon me.' Old Napper might just as well have used the mis-quotation, 'How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is to have a toothless child!' but I confess that his allusion to a viper was more than I could bear, and I plainly showed both Mary Ann and her father that the trodden worm could indeed turn. The end of it was, that although I slept that night under Mr. Napper's roof, it was the last time that I was either under or over his tiles; for, I left his hat-shop the next morning. Mary Ann declined to see me, and would only say farewell through the hateful medium of her father, against whom she had now become fully convinced that I had plotted with his sceptical friends in order to gain a share in the ten-pound wager. It was clear that she was not broken-hearted; and, for my part, I suppose that I was too wrathful with old Napper and too busy in thinking how I should fare in my next start in life, to have the leisure to indulge in the luxury of a broken heart—at any rate, for the present. I knew not what to do or where to turn; and I was without friends to help me. It was clear to me that I was doomed to carry out my name to my own loss, and to roam the world as a new species of Wandering Jew, condemned to tickle and to be tickled. For you will observe, gentlemen, that while my engagement with Lucy Cuppledish was brought to an end by my tickling some one else, my engagement with Mary Ann Napper was abruptly terminated through my being myself tickled. This peculiar infirmity of ticklemania has not been sufficiently noticed by medical men, and I have often thought that I would bring my remarkable case before the profession."

"Perhaps my friend will do it for you," said Smith.

"With Mr. Tickler's permission," I said.

"Which is freely granted," replied the play-actor. "But I have not quite ended my story, or unfolded the full coil of my tale. My adventures are now drawing to a close, and their narration would but detain you for a few minutes longer. If you would like to hear the rest, gentlemen, and to learn how it happened that I came to be an actor, then, in theatrical phrase, I will ring up for the last act and the final scenes in my life-drama."

We told Mr. Tickler that we had another quarter of an hour and another cigar at his disposal.

"Then," said Mr. Tickler, as he lighted the latter, "I will fire away."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A Glass of Punch.—With the thermometer below freezing-point we anticipate the thanks of many for the following receipt for "scotch punch" or "whisky toddy"—a beverage not to be despised at any time, and more especially just now. This is the Duke of Athol's receipt: Pour about a wineglassful of boiling water into a half-pint tumbler, and sweeten according to taste. Stir well up, then put in a wineglassful of whisky, and add a wineglassful and a half more boiling water. Be sure the water is boiling. Never put lemon into toddy. The two in combination, in almost every instance, produce acidity in the stomach. If possible, store your whisky in the wood, not in bottles, as keeping it in the cask mellows it, and dissipates the coarser particles.

A Substitute for Crab.—When you cannot reckon upon getting fresh crabs from your fishmonger, the following is not a bad substitute: Take any required quantity of good fat mellow cheese, pound it well in a mortar, incorporating made mustard, salad oil, vinegar, pepper (cayenne is the best), and salt sufficient to season and render it about the consistence of the cream of a crab. Add and mix well half a pint or more of picked shrimps, and serve in a crab-shell, or on a dish, garnished with slices of lemon.

Mutton Chops Improved.—You get splendid chops at Spiers and Ponds', or at Suffield's, in Birmingham—equal to those at Evans's, or those old taverns in the city, where you select your own chop and see it cooked on the gridiron. Less skilful cooks, however, generally serve-up chops so badly that anything in the shape of a relish is welcome. When a relish is wanted, pound fine an ounce of black pepper, and half an ounce of allspice, with an ounce of salt, and half an ounce of scraped horseradish, and the same of shalots, peeled and quartered; put those ingredients into a pint of mushroom ketchup, or walnut pickle, and let them steep for a fortnight, and then strain it. A teaspoonful or two of this is generally an acceptable addition, mixed with the gravy usually sent up for chops and steaks; or added to thick melted butter.

Apple Marmalade.—"M. C., Worcester," writes: A capital way to make this marmalade is to peel and core two pounds of sub-acid apples, and put them in an enamelled saucepan with one pint of sweet cider, or half a pint of pure wine, and one pound of crushed sugar. Cook them by a gentle heat three hours, or longer, until the fruit is very soft, then squeeze it first through a cullender and then through a sieve. If not sufficiently sweet, add powdered sugar to suit your taste, and put away in jars made air-tight by a piece of wet bladder. It is delicious when eaten with milk, and still better with cream.

A Disinfectant Worth Knowing.—We dare say very few persons are aware that coffee is a valuable disinfectant. Experiments, however, have proved that it is the most powerful means, not only of rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of actually destroying them. A room in which meat in an advanced degree of decomposition had been kept for some time, was instantly deprived of all smell on an open coffee-roaster being carried through it, containing a pound of coffee newly roasted. In another room, exposed to the effluvium occasioned by the clearing-out of a manure-pit, so that sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia in great quantities could be chemically detected, the stench was completely removed in half a minute, on the employment of three ounces of fresh-roasted coffee, whilst the other parts of the house were permanently cleared of the same smell by being simply traversed with the coffee-roaster, although the cleansing of the pit continued for several hours after. The best mode of using the coffee as a disinfectant is to dry the raw bean, pound it in a mortar, and then roast the powder on a moderately heated iron plate, until it assumes a dark brown tint, when it is fit for use. Then sprinkle it in sinks or cesspools, or lay it on a plate in the room which you wish to have purified. Coffee acid or coffee oil acts more readily in minute quantities.

How to Clean Kid Gloves.—If you want your old kid gloves to look almost new, make a strong lather with curd soap and warm water, in which steep a small piece of new flannel. Place the glove on a flat, clean, and unyielding surface—such as the bottom of a dish, and having thoroughly soaped the flannel (when squeezed from the lather), rub the kid till all dirt be removed, cleaning and re-soaping the flannel from time to time. Care must be taken to omit no part of the glove, by turning the fingers, &c. The gloves must be dried in the sun, or before a moderate fire, and will present the appearance of old parchment. When quite dry, they must be gradually "pulled out," and will look new.

Elegant Home Work.—One of the most elegant and domestic arts is that called Anglo-Japanese work. Take yellow withered leaves, dissolve gum, black paint, copal varnish, &c. Any articles may be ornamented with these simple materials. An old tea-caddy, flower-pots, fire-screens, screens of all descriptions, work-boxes, &c. Select perfect leaves, dry and press them between the leaves of books; rub the surface of the article to be ornamented with fine sand-paper, then give it a coat of fine black paint, which should be procured mixed at a colour shop. When dry, rub smooth with pumice stone, and give two other coats. Dry. Arrange leaves in any manner and variety, according to taste. Gum the leaves on the under side, and press them upon their places. Then dissolve some isinglass in hot water, and brush it over the work. Dry. Give three coats of copal varnish, allowing ample time for each to dry. Articles thus ornamented last for years, and are very pleasing.

Restoration Work.—"C. N." asks how China crape, scarfs, &c., may be washed. We have pleasure in informing her that where the fabric is good, these articles of dress may be frequently washed without diminishing their beauty. In cleaning them, make a strong lather of boiling water; suffer it to cool; when cold, or nearly so, wash the scarf quickly and thoroughly, dip it immediately in cold hard water in which a little salt has been thrown (to preserve the colours), rinse, squeeze, and hang it out to dry in the open air; pin it at its extreme edge to the line, so that it may not in any part be folded together: the more rapidly it dries the clearer it will be.

NOTES ON THE JOURNALS.

The miserable wretch whose name has been on everybody's tongue for the last two months was a "sensation" to the last. Three Paris doctors squabbled for possession of Tropmann's body, which all were anxious to dissect. Usually M. Robin has been presented with the bodies of criminals, but, to prevent jealousy, the Prefect of Police on this occasion would not give the body to any medical man. Tropmann's relatives may therefore congratulate themselves.

Amateurs in billiards will in most cases probably approve of the alterations in the game. With the spot removed almost an inch towards the top cushion and the pockets made half-an-inch smaller across the mouth, which is to be nearly square-cornered, experts will find themselves prohibited from making those long scores off the break to which they have been accustomed; whilst those who are generally proficient in the splendid game will shine to greater advantage.

There is no end to the Byron Scandal. Mrs. Stowe has written 482 pages in support of her assertion that the poet was guilty of the horrible crime first publicly imputed to him by the American authoress. In no one particular does Mrs. Stowe swerve from her original statements. She makes out a stronger case than before; but after all it comes to this—was not Byron's statement of the affair made solely to procure a separation from his wife? That Lord Byron was afflicted with extreme morbidity is notorious; but that he committed this dreadful crime with which he is charged by Mrs. Stowe, we disbelieve. That lady, however, clings pertinaciously to her argument, and gloomily and mysteriously hints that the subject will form matter for discussion in the "after-life!"

The legitimate drama does not pay in England. Mr. Barry Sullivan has lost £8,000 in his endeavour to elevate the minds of playgoers. The cause of this loss is not very clear. A theatrical journal says the audiences were treated to the same company in every revival irrespective of individual merits or demerits. That may have had something—perhaps a great deal—to do with Mr. Sullivan's disastrous loss. But after all, what *is* the Legitimate Drama, and why should people who don't care about old-fashioned pieces be bored by it? Of course "Money" and plays of that description ought always to command an audience; but somehow or other they don't. Now-a-days few people go to the Theatre for instruction, and the majority only for amusement. For these managers prepare the most attractive programme in their power. For them the screaming burlesque, with its handsome girls, beautiful dresses, nigger dances, and music-hall songs are provided; and for these, theatrical managers go to the expense of magnificent scenery and accessories. They find their reward in crowded houses nightly. A burlesque and a comedy by Mr. Robertson (who, by the way, we hope will refrain from melodramatic writing in future), Mr. Burnand, Mr. Byron, or Mr. Craven, make up a bill of which any manager may be proud; the playgoing public like it, and, what is more, pay to see it, and there is the proof which is the most popular—the legitimate drama or modern comedy and burlesque. Realism has usurped the throne of legitimacy; and we don't know that the Stage has suffered much by the change.

The execution of Tropmann has given rise to a discussion in the papers on the guillotine. There is reason to believe, according to some of the writers, that death by that dreadful instrument is not instantaneous, but on the contrary, that life exists for some time after the process of decapitation. This theory is attempted to be proved in one instance by citing the case of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, whose lips it is said moved after her execution, as though in prayer. "Her lippes stirred up and downe a quarter of an hour after her head was cut off." (*Vide* Sir Henry Ellis's "Original Letters.") The case of Charlotte Corday is also quoted. It has been said that immediately her head was decapitated the executioner slapped the face, which instantly "became suffused, as if with indignation, and the eyes opening, turned directly towards the brutal offender." There are more horrible stories than these. One is to the effect that the heads of guillotined persons, being altogether in the basket, have ere now "sometimes seized and torn at the wicker-work with their teeth," until the blood gushed out! Another person noticed, at an execution by the guillotine in Corfu, that the man's hands, which were half open, remained in the same position after death. This is adduced as proof that there could be no shock, pain, or feeling. Without placing much credence in these horrible recitals, we must all wish that medical authorities would join in the discussion and bring forward the results of their experience. For the head (to which the body is only an appendage, as it were,) to live after it is decapitated would be horrible, and if it were proved that it is so no Government would be justified in sanctioning death by the guillotine. Physiologically it is reasonable to suppose, as the *Globe* says, that "the head can live after its separation from the body, just so long as the last supply of nutriment will suffice for it." The subject is not argued now for the first time; it was discussed several years ago, and has never been satisfactorily settled.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

The severe illness of Admiral Rous has delayed the appearance of the weights for the Spring handicaps; but they will probably be out by the time these lines are in print, and we shall be able to discuss them in our next article. A very successful little affair, entitled the South Country Hunt and Hurdle Race Meeting, was inaugurated at West Drayton last week, but the competitors were only platers. It was noticeable that Harvester and Lord Ronald, two "reduced" Stockwells who "have seen better days," were first and second for the Open Hunt Cup. There is very little stud news. Mr. Blenkiron has filled Weatherbit's box at Middle Park with Mandrake, one of the best of his sons. He is a horse of most blood-like appearance, and, from his double strain of Birdcatcher, ought to be a great acquisition to the stud. His racing career was not very brilliant, but then he was terribly "messed about." As a two-year-old he showed little form, and scored his solitary win in the Glasgow Stakes at Newmarket, after a dead-heat with the moderate Owain Glyndwr. He was not engaged in the Derby or Leger, but could do nothing in Vauban's Two Thousand. He, however, seemed to improve towards the antumn of that year, and managed to win the Ebor Handicap, just catching old Beeswing on the post. In the Liverpool Cup he again won, beating Knight of the Garter, from whom he received 14lbs., by a neck. Still, even in that year, he ran fourteen times for four wins. His four-year-old season was his best, as he was successful in seven races out of ten, and showed immense staying powers, combined with a very fair turn of speed. He gave Achievement 5lbs., and beat her easily at Ascot: and though he just failed to concede Fairwind, who was the same age, 28lbs in the Ebor, he defeated Julius most decisively in the Doncaster Cup. He never ran as a five-year-old till nearly the end of the season, and then, when apparently untrained, was beaten by a plater like Champagne Charlie. It was quite time that he retired from the turf, and no man ever owned three handsomer sires than Mr. Blenkiron possesses in Blair Athol, Saunterer, and Mandrake.

The hunting season in Yorkshire has been very fair up to the present time, and perhaps Lord Middleton and the Bedale have shown the most sport. Mr. Crozier is about to give up the Blencathra pack, the mastership of which he has held for thirty seasons. These hounds have been kept in one parish by Mr. Crozier and his predecessors for about a hundred years; but it is understood that they will now be known as the Isleswick Hounds, and kept there.

There were a great many coursing meetings last week, but none of much importance. At Baldock, Winsome Lass, an own sister to Pauline, divided the principal stake. Earl Stair, who met with such a sad gun-shot accident a few months ago, appeared in good health at the Wigtownshire Club, and ran several dogs. Birkie, by Cardinal York—Little Rebel, won the Castle-Kennedy Stakes; but he did not meet Swivel, who was drawn in the third round for Waterloo. Hares were plentiful, and Tom Raper slipped splendidly; but we are sorry to hear that he has determined to retire after this season, for we never saw his equal in tact and activity. There is no change in the Waterloo Cup betting, except that Master McGrath has become a still warmer favourite, and as little as 3 to 1 has been once or twice accepted about him.

Billiard players were very busy last week, and several important matches were brought off. February the 11th is definitely fixed for the contest for the championship, and the betting may be fairly quoted at 7 to 4 on Cook. The match between the Champion and Bennett, "spot hazard barred," ended in favour of the former, after a very close and exciting game. He played well, but very luckily, and the balls broke badly for Bennett, who is anxious to have another match on the same terms. Cook played two matches last week with Stanley, winning the first and losing the second. He seemed scarcely in his usual form, and 146 was his largest break in either game. Richards and Stammers, the former conceding two balls in each game, have fought out a desperate battle at pyramids. They won ten games each, and then Richards took nine balls while his opponent made one, and so just pulled through.

Croquêt has never taken the position among English pastimes that the skill and calculation required to play it well fairly entitle it to. This partly arises from the fact that it has been regarded more as an excuse for dawdling away an evening than as a really beautiful and scientific game; but the main cause is that nearly every lawn has its own peculiar rules. While this is the case the game will never become a universal favourite; but last week a conference of some of the best and most experienced players in England took place at the Charing Cross Hotel, and a code of twenty-nine rules, intended for general use, was drawn up. We are glad to observe that no restriction is placed on the manner in which the mallet is held, a condition that we have always most strongly advocated, while a severe penalty for "spooning," which is well defined as "pushing a ball without an audible knock," will prevent any abuse of this license. The abolition of tight croquêt by rule 8 is an excellent innovation; but we consider rule 3, by which a ball is croquêtable as soon as it is struck, even if it has not passed through the first hoop, a decided mistake. However, on the whole, the code is excellent, and we sincerely trust that, for the interests of croquêt, it will be universally adopted.

All applications for certificates in the Nevada Freehold Properties Trust must be sent in not later than next Saturday, on which day the trustees close the list.

Mr. Roebuck has been speaking on education at Nottingham. In every parish there ought, he held, to be two schools, an infant and an elementary school. Above these should come district schools, while the Universities would complete the system.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The first Friday evening's discourse this season at the Royal Institution was delivered on the 21st instant, by Professor Tyndall. The subject was "Haze and Dust," and the little lecture theatre was crowded with notables, come to hear what a learned philosopher had to say upon the adulterants of the air they breathe. Every one has seen a sunbeam enter a comparatively dark room, and observed the milky streak that it forms. This shaft of luminosity is solely produced by the minute particles of dusty matter that fill the purest of town airs, and that are lit up by the bright sunlight that falls upon them. A bright shaft sent through the atmosphere of the lecture room, from an electric lamp, showed the murkiness that prevailed there; and the filmy streak thus revealed was the subject of the Professor's experiments. These consisted in showing that certain sources of heat, such as flame and red-hot irons, had the effect of apparently dissipating the solid particles; for when the said flames and irons were placed directly underneath the luminous beam, a seeming black smoke arose from them, which however could not be smoke, for that is composed of solid matter, the particles of which would have reflected light and shown dense whiteness in the beam instead of blackness. Hence it became obvious that the warmth merely created a draught of pure air, or air so expanded as to be almost free from solid atoms, which, rising through the beam drove aside the floating motes, and appeared like a black vapour cutting across it. There was a striking fact shown with regard to the exhalation of air from the Professor's lungs. Of course he inhaled the dust-charged atmosphere of the room; and when he drew a long breath and emptied his lungs through the beam, using a tube to direct the issuing air, this curious course of things was revealed:—The air that first came forth was that which had been the least time in his chest: it thus assimilated nearly to that of the room, and did not modify the appearance of the beam. But presently came air that made a dusky streak across the beam; and as the lungs approached emptiness this dustiness increased till it reached absolute blackness; thus proving that the air that had sunk deepest into the lungs came out without solid impurities—that in fact it had left them somewhere in the respiratory organs. Of course everyone in the room was doing what the lecturer did, taking in dusty air and retaining the dusty matter inside his lungs. And every one who does not live on a mountain-top is doing the same thing. Naturally these disclosures led to enquiry as to the nature of the dusty particles, and this opened the subject to the "germ-theory" of diseases, which supposes epidemics to be caused by the air being permeated by organic seeds, so to speak, which enter the system as the breath is drawn, and take root and propagate therein, to the ultimate poisonment of the blood and destruction of life. The Professor gave his adhesion to this theory, and instanced facts in support of it. All cleanliness and all care would seem to be powerless to avert contagious disease, while we are thus obliged to inhale germ infested air and retain its fatal impurities. Can we not sift the air of its solid constituents before it enters our mouths? We know that the medical man entering an infected house instinctively places his handkerchief over his lips and nostrils. Tyndall told his hearers that the doctor in such a case does the correct thing, although he knows not—nor could he know while ignorant of the electric-beam's revelations—the full importance of his precaution. *A pad of cotton wool held over mouth and nostrils sifts out the dust and its germs entirely.* This was fully demonstrated; for the air inhaled through a handful of wool clapped upon the lower part of the face gave a black streak through the beam from beginning to end of the exhalation, thus proving that it contained no solid particles whatever. So firm was Dr. Tyndall in his belief in the efficacy of this respiration, that he expressed his readiness, if armed with it, to enter the most infectious atmosphere, in order to prove by actual test what his experiments had taught him to put faith in. It may be asked how it is that all men in a diseased town do not suffer, since all must absorb the germs of the disease? Doubtless, the answer is that all men's lungs are not soil meet for the vicious seed: it falls in barren ground and does no harm. Or it may be that the germs are sparsely scattered through the air, and only gain entrance to mortal lungs in a few cases. There is no reason to fear that we are generally worse off now that these revelations are made, than before we knew of them. So long as there is no epidemic disease, the dust we inhale is no doubt harmless. At all events, many of us are none the worse for two or three score years of the dosing.

John Wise, the American aërouant, the Coxwell of the States, in a recent communication to the Franklin Institute, warmly advocated aërial navigation by an ordinary balloon and the trade winds. He has studied the directions of the various atmospheric currents, and ascertained the practicability of reaching any place east, north-east, or south-east from the place of departure, in the latitude of New York. It simply becomes a matter of building an aërocraft that is capable of floating in the desired currents for a few days; and he conceives that one with a sustaining power of about 9,000 pounds would be all sufficient to test the practicability of establishing an air line of mail and passenger conveyances from America to Europe. Three days would make the voyage, and sea-sickness would be unknown. He thinks the plan worthy of trial by his enterprising nation. We think so too; but the idea is not new.

A new industry is always worth chronicling. In France they are now talking about one that has been imported from America. It consists in plating oxidizable metals with nickel, just as we now plate with silver. The galvanic deposition of nickel has frequently been achieved, but not with the constant certainty necessary for commercial uses until the process was perfected by a Boston chemist, Mr. Isaac Adams, who brought it to workable perfection by the use of a bath compound of a double sulphate of nickel and ammonia in a state of great purity. Nickelized objects have an agreeable surface, are exceedingly hard, and take a high polish with great facility. For all the purposes to which silver plating is now employed, nickelization promises to be highly useful.

THE GOSSIP.

Mr. Balfe is seriously ill.

Marfori is about to be married to a young Swiss governess.

The Panitheopticonicon, whatever that may be, is the popular amusement in Savannah.

A new paper of an epicurean character is to be published, edited by Fin Bec.

Grisi leaves an estate of 100,000 dollars, accumulated by hypothecating her own notes.

Miss Leo Hudson does the bare-back and limb business as Mazeppa in Hartford.

A company of English amateur performers announce a series of representations at Hankow, China.

Matilda Heron and Laura Keene are writing a play, to be called "Champagne; or, Step by Step."

Wilkie Collins will dramatise his novel of "Man and Wife," and bring out the play at the Adelphi.

"False Lights" in the Christmas supplement of *The Graphic* is from the pen of Joseph Hatton.

Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards has, we believe, a novel in the press.

The Million is the title of a projected new paper; *The Food Journal* the name of another.

Boston shows good sense in prohibiting public trapeze performances.

Mr. Peabody's expenses for ten years did not average £600 per annum.

A fossil fish, 22 inches long, has recently been found in the Lower Flag Rock of Lancashire.

Mr. Ernest Longfellow, a son of the poet has adopted the profession of portrait painting in Boston.

Mrs. Lander's present success in England is not her first in London. She was the veritable infant phenomenon that figures in Dickens's novel.

The third volume of Dr. Percy's admirable Metallurgy will shortly be issued. There will still be another volume to complete the work.—*Nature.*

Mr. Edward Dicey has been appointed editor of the *Daily News*. Mr. Dicey is a Liberal of the advanced, but cultivated, school.

Offenbach, who has recovered his health, is daily occupied with the rehearsals of "La Princess de Trebizonde."

Mr. Holman Hunt, who, during several months past, has been painting at Bethlehem, has made good progress with an important picture.

There is some talk of a new Conservative daily paper for London Something has been said about a new one for Worcestershire.

It is said that "Griffith Gaunt" has a great run at the Salt Lake City theatre. The bigamist, however, had to be made a pentekaidekagamist, to suit popular ideas.

Professor Sonnenschien states that decomposition of a body, long buried in the ground, is accompanied with a change of dark-coloured hair to red, and that the hair shows an acid re-action.

Garibaldi's work "The Rule of the Monk," is to be published early in February. It is to appear in Italian, Spanish, Hungarian, and Dutch, as well as in English.

Everybody said *The Echo* would be a failure. It is a wonderful success. The circulation in London is enormous, and the publishers get 1s. a line for advertisements.

The manuscript of the "Prières Saintes et Chrétiennes pour Monseigneur le Grand-Dauphin," the one book which Louis XVI. had with him in the Temple, was sold for 2,000 francs the other day at Paris.

Mr. Sothern has met with another accident in the hunting-field at Leighton Buzzard. His horse swerving at a fence, Mr. Sothern was landed with his face against a tree. At the time of his mishap, Mr. Sothern was a guest of Baron Rothschild.

A new Art Union has been established under the title of "Cassell's Art Union," for the dissemination of Fine Art volumes. There will be no blanks. Every subscriber will receive a prize of the full value of his guinea subscription.

A novel of deep interest on the all-absorbing question of the day—the Irish Land Question—is in the press, and will appear about the end of next month. Its title is "Evelyn Clare, or the Wrecked Homesteads." We understand that it is the work of a young Birmingham *litterateur*, and that it will appear under his *nom de plume* of "Erigena."

We regret to hear of the somewhat serious indisposition of Messrs. W. H. Cummings and Vernon Rigby, our well-known tenors. The illness of these gentlemen will necessarily affect the present concert arrangements; and the services of several new tenors have been consequently invited.—*Musical Standard.*

After an intermission of eighteen hundred years, Laugini re-opens the Pompeii Theatre with "The Child of the Regiment." solicits the continuance of the patronage bestowed on his predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius, and promises to equal the efforts of that eminent manager.

An interesting bit of gossip concerning church-ales is given by Mr. Jeaffreson, in his "Book about the Clergy." The ordinary official givers of church-ale were two wardens, who, after collecting subscriptions in money or kind from every one of their affluent or fairly well-to-do fellow-parishioners, provided a revel, that not unfrequently surpassed the wake in costliness and diversity of amusements. The board, at which everyone received a welcome who could pay for his entertainment, was loaded with good cheer, and after the feasters had eaten and drunk to contentment, if not to excess, they took part in sports on the turf of the churchyard, or on the sward of the village green. The athletes of the parish distinguished themselves in wrestling, boxing, quoit-throwing; the children cheered the mummers and the morris-dancers; and round a maypole, decorated with ribbons, the lads and lasses plied their nimble feet to the music of fifes, bagpipes, drums, and fiddles.

The Creuzot riots are over.

The North Shields Co-operative Store was burnt down on Saturday night.

Mr. Gifford has been appointed to the vacant Scotch judgeship.

A Halifax girl striking a match the other day, set fire to the box. Her clothes caught, and she was burnt to death.

IMPORTANT.—14, Carr's Lane, Birmingham. Established 1861, for the sale of Pure Tea. Connoisseurs pronounce the Tea sold at this Warehouse superior to any that can be obtained elsewhere. [537

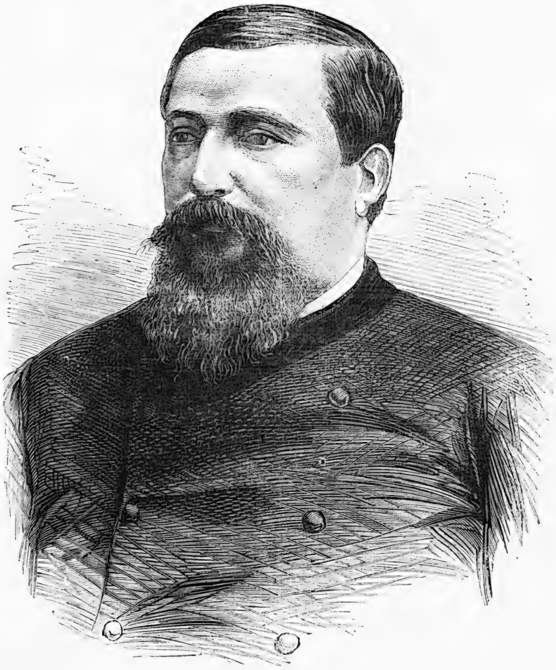
EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A COUGH BY POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANNISEED.—"Her Majesty's Gun Boat, "Netley," Wick, North East Coast of Scotland, 7th September, 1868.—Dear Sir,—Having had a most distressing and severe cough, which caused me many sleepless nights and restless days, I was recommended by his Lordship, the Earl of Caithness, to try your most invaluable Balsam of Anniseed, and I can assure you, with the first dose I found immediate relief, even without having to suspend my various duties; and the first small bottle completely cured me; therefore I have the greatest confidence in fully recommending it to the million. Most respectfully yours, W. LINZEL, H.M.G.B. "Netley,"—To Mr. Powell. POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANNISEED can be had of all Chemists. In Bottles at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 3d. Warehouse, 16, Blackfriars Road London. Ask for "POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANNISEED." [431

FATAL EXPLOSION AT BRYNMAWR.

Below we illustrate the dreadful disaster at Brynmawr, South Wales, on Friday afternoon, the 14th instant, by which six persons lost their lives, and a considerable amount of damage was done to house and shop property. The cause of the explosion is mere conjecture. It is stated that Evan Evans, a shopman in the employ of Mr. Watkins, took a lighted candle into the room where the powder was stored, and that by some misadventure or other he let the candle fall into a cask of powder. The explosion was terrific. The *Western Mail* says the powder house was entirely destroyed. A chapel, which stood next door to Mr. Watkins's shop is in ruins, and another in a bad state. Every window is blown out, and the gallery has fallen in. Not a house in Worcester-street has a whole window in it. Nearly all the streets have suffered. The report was heard at Abergavenny. The column of fire which ascended was remarkably brilliant. There are about twenty persons injured. Nearly every shop in Beaufort-street, which is 200 yards away from the scene of explosion, has been injured. No doubt the act occurred through carelessness. It is thought that nearly a ton of powder was in stock. Our picture was drawn expressly for this paper.

A GROUP OF FAUNS.

At page 361, we give a large engraving of a group of fauns, dryads, &c., by Hans Makart, the celebrated German artist. At an early age Makart displayed a particular propensity for the art in which he has so remarkably excelled. Since quite a boy he has found a charm in the use of pencil and brush, and his enthusiastic exertions have been repaid with success and reputation at home and in many other countries also. There is something bold, free, and open in the style of his execution, together with good taste and marks of a deep study of nature. Indeed, in some of his works, he will be admired nearly as much as Gustave Doré, although he does not portray scenes so wild and weird as the French artist: nevertheless, some of his figures, we believe, are more complete. His powers as an artist may be compared to those possessed by his countryman, Mozart, in music. Makart, who has true poetic taste, is fond of seeking for subjects amongst the beauties of Grecian Mythology, which has supplied painters and poets in all ages with "things of beauty." Some of his productions in this line will not be easily surpassed. Our illustration, which may be placed in this class, represents a group of fauns and dryads carrying through a wood a favoured young nymph, who appears to be a kind of Queen of the May. The expression of countenance is very interesting, the grouping is cleverly executed, and, altogether, it is a fine piece of fancy figure work, which, we think, may be counted amongst the artist's happiest efforts.

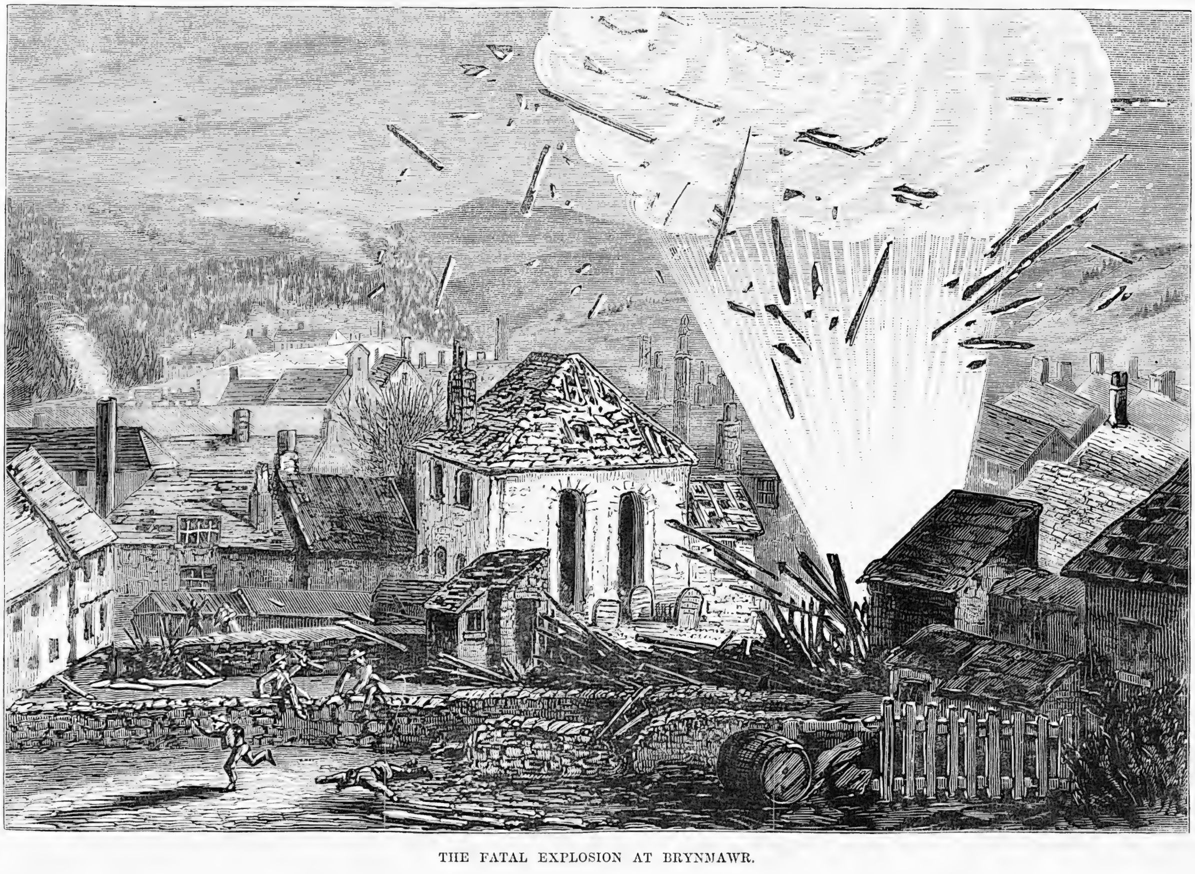


PRINCE PIERRE BONAPARTE.

WONDERFUL STEEL-MAKING.

An account of a wonderful process for making iron and steel, taken from the American papers, is given by "Engineering." This process, which is the invention of Dr. William Fields, a physician, practising at Wilmington, Delaware, consists merely in melting the pig-iron in a puddling furnace, and then adding thereto a packet containing some powdered chemicals, the nature of which the doctor keeps to himself. This being done—presto!—the sulphur and phosphorus, it is stated, are eliminated, and the iron becomes tough, and capable of being rolled and worked! To manufacture steel, Dr. Fields proceeds in the same manner as when producing wrought iron; but after the sulphur and phosphorus have been driven off, a second package, containing different chemicals to the first, is added, the result being stated to be that in ten minutes the whole mass becomes steel. To convert about 4 cwt. of pig-iron into wrought iron, Dr. Fields throws in between one and two pounds of his chemical mixture; to convert the same quantity of wrought iron into steel, the weight of chemicals used is smaller. Very wonderful all this, but we fear that the reporters have greatly exaggerated the success of the process. They state that a ball of the steel produced by Dr. Fields has been taken direct from the puddling furnace. and subjected to the action of one of Burden's squeezers without showing any signs of cracking, while a similar ball, weighing 420 lb., has, after hammering, been rolled into a rail. Rails have also been rolled from piles of Fields' iron and steel combined, the latter material—which is said to weld well—being placed so as to form the heads. It is stated, also, that steel can be made by Dr. Fields' process from a mixture of two-thirds cast-iron scrap, and one-third fresh-pig. We have already mentioned that Dr. Fields keeps the nature of the powders he uses to himself, and we may add that he refuses to sell the secret of their manufacture. A gentleman who witnessed the experiments says the steel rail when tested did not show in any portion of it *any steel*, and was not equal to the best quality of iron rails, as it was not of uniform fracture in the different places broken. The experiments were far from being satisfactory to several persons present, and the quality of the article made was not equal to the "puddled steel" made at the works every day.

THE PRICE OF RELIGION.—The San Francisco papers complain very properly of the extravagance of the churches of that city. Normally, religion is supposed to be the consolation of the poor, but in the Queen of the Pacific slope it is a luxury in which even the moderately rich cannot indulge. Think of 1,000 dollar pews! Of course, as the San Francisco *Call* points out, respectable families moving in respectable society will not care to go to church if they cannot go on the same terms as their associates. But, when the single item of music in three churches costs about 10,000 dollars, there are not many even in the Golden City who will find it easy to support the enormous assessments which their religious services impose on them.



THE FATAL EXPLOSION AT BRYNMAWR.

POLICE AND LAW COURTS.

RATHER EXPENSIVE.

It came out at the hearing of a case at the Thames Police-court, on Monday, that a female pauper, aged 17, had been chargeable to the parish of St. George's-in-the-East from her infancy, and had cost £200 at least! She was charged with breaking a pane of glass in the casual ward. As the authorities had procured situations for this workhouse pest, and as she would not stay in them, she was very justly sent to prison for a month.

KING OF ENGLAND AND THE GLOBE!

On Monday a shabbily-dressed man, addressing the chief clerk at the Mansion-house Police-court, said he had come to declare himself King of England and the Globe. Mr. Oke: From whom do you trace your descent? Applicant: From a Supreme Power. Mr. Oke: What are you—what do you do for a living? Applicant: I am a waiter and barman. Mr. Oke: You had better consult a lawyer about your claim. Applicant: Then the world will be put in darkness. When can I see the Lord Mayor? Mr. Oke: To-morrow morning. Applicant: The Lord Mayor rules London, and I rule the Lord Mayor; I rule the Mansion-house, and I rule you. Mr. Oke: We won't dispute about that. Applicant: I suppose not. If you are satisfied, I am. The man then left the court.

THE TERROR OF DRURY LANE!

Robert Smith, aged nine, enjoys the proud distinction of "the terror of Drury Lane." In conjunction with William Westhall, Smith was charged at Bow Street with begging. They are described as "wretched little urchins, without shoes and stockings, clothed in rags, and thickly begrimed with dirt." Mrs. Westhall gave her son a good character, but said he had been, unfortunately, led astray by the prisoner Scott, who was a very wicked boy, and the terror of Drury Lane. (Laughter.) Mr. Flowers (to Scott): How is that? They say you are the terror of the neighbourhood. The witness King: Well, sir, he does appear to be the captain of a lot of boys of this kind. Mrs. Westhall said she should like to give her boy another trial. Mr. Flowers: Then I will order him to be delivered up to you this time; but I must send Scott to the workhouse for a week, as he is such a desperate chap. (Laughter.)

YOUNG BRUTES AT BILSTON.

A shocking case of cruelty to animals has come before the Bilston bench. Thomas Hoar, 16, and Alfred Hoar, 14, brothers, were charged with cruelly ill-treating three donkeys, belonging to Mary Lowe, a boatman, who keeps her animals in a shed in Dudley Street. On Saturday, the 9th inst., three donkeys were missed from the shed. A witness overheard a conversation between the brothers, one of them saying they had been bird-nesting, and that they had two cuckoos in a certain place. The witness went to a decayed, untenanted building near, and, on breaking open the door, found a donkey nearly starved to death; he also discovered another donkey in the room below with its neck broken, and dead, having evidently fallen down stairs. The animals had been locked up for several days. The third donkey was found in the outskirts of the town. The prisoners were remanded for the appearance of the prosecutrix.

THE LEAMINGTON STABBING CASE.

Thomas Jennings, who, it will be remembered, stabbed his brother and Robert Height several days ago, escaped from custody on Wednesday, as did another prisoner named Pew. The latter prisoner gave himself up, and Jennings was captured on Friday afternoon at Birmingham; and this is how he escaped. He says that, on the way to Warwick, he discovered that the handcuff was not locked. He then opened it, and carried it in his hand until he got to a convenient place for escape, when he dropped it and ran away. After Serridge had arrested and handcuffed him, the prisoner laughingly remarked that Serridge's handcuffs fitted him very well—far better than Trundle's did; and added that Trundle could not run very well or he would have caught him. Serridge replied that the Birmingham police took care that their handcuffs fitted properly, and were locked, so that there was no chance of escape in that way. Jennings was committed for trial.

THE BARBAROUS MURDER.

The adjourned inquest on the woman found dead in Buecker's Swiss Hotel, was resumed on Friday. Mr. B. J. Abbott, solicitor, attended for Jacob Spinas, the man accused of having murdered the deceased. On the early morning of Saturday, Police-constable Crabbe was called into the Buecker's Hotel. He found Spinas at the top of the stairs leading to the basement story, and the woman in the basement, lying on her back with her clothes disarranged, and covered with blood. When Spinas saw the policeman, he called out "police, police." He was taken into custody. On being charged with the murder he said, "I thought it was a thief in the house. I heard a noise in the house. I said, 'Joseph,' thinking it was the night porter. I then took the looking-glass, and hit her, and broke it. I then hit her with the bottles. I battled with her for half an hour. When the lights came I found the woman dead. I thought it was a thief in the house." The jury returned a verdict of "wilful murder against Jacob Spinas."

BIRTHS.

Gabriel.—On the 17th inst., the wife of Mr. Gabriel, dentist, of 11, Bennett's-hill, Birmingham, of a son.

Orr.—On the 15th inst., the wife of Henry A. Orr, Esq., of Harpur Villa, Bedford, of a daughter.

Stubbs.—On the 22nd inst., the wife of J. Heath Stubbs, Esq., of Widney Manor, Warwickshire, of a daughter.

Thomas.—On the 22nd inst., the wife of Benjamin Thomas, Esq., of The Grove, Brislington, near Bristol, of a daughter.

Rice.—On the 21st inst., the wife of the Hon. Arthur de Cardonnel Rice, of Dursley, Gloucestershire, of a son, who only survived his birth one hour.

Wright.—On the 24th inst., the wife of Hall Wright, Esq., surgeon, of Summer-hill, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Southwick—Wilberham.—On the 24th inst., at St. Jude's Church, Wolverhampton, by the Rev. S. C. Adam, Henry, third son of Wm. Southwick, of Tettenhall, to Margaret Caroline, only daughter of John Wilberham, of Whitmore Reans, Wolverhampton.

Grosvenor—Carthew.—On the 19th inst., at St. John's Church, The Pleck, by the Rev. G. H. Townshend, Simeon, youngest son of the late John Grosvenor, ironfounder, Dudley, to Eliza, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Carthew, mine agent, Redruth Court, Cornwall.

DEATHS.

Ashton.—On the 17th inst., at Leghorn, Alice, infant daughter of Charles Ashton, Esq., Maplewell, Leicestershire.

Ashton.—On the 21st inst., at Leghorn, Ada Mary, wife of Charles Ashton, Esq., Maplewell, Leicestershire.

Simpson.—On the 20th inst., at the Vicarage, Alstonfield, Staffordshire, the Rev. John Simpson, D.D., rural dean, in his 73rd year, and for 48 years vicar of the parish of Alstonfield.

Tarratt.—On the 20th inst., at the Ford House, near Wolverhampton, Ann, eldest daughter of the late Joseph Tarratt, Esq., aged 78.

Green.—On the 22nd inst., at her residence, Eve-hill House, Dudley, Mrs. Eliza Green, in the 75th year of her age.

Lovegrove.—On the 22nd inst., at Leamington, Gertrude, widow of the late Charles Washington Lovegrove. Esq., in the 70th year of her age.

Bissill.—On the 22nd inst., at Sleaford, Elizabeth, widow of John Bissill, Esq., surgeon of that place, in her 79th year.

MAPPLEBECK and LOWE'S Stove Grate Show Rooms contain a large assortment of Kitchen Ranges, Hot Air Stoves, Marble, Enamelled Slate, Iron, and other Chimney Pieces, Fenders and Fire-irons, Smoke Jacks, new pattern Dog Grates, &c. [429

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These Inks are free from sediment and warranted *durable* colours. [447

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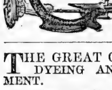

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THE FOURTH ANNUAL SHOW will be held in the AGRICULTURAL HALL, WOLVERHAMPTON (one of the best rooms in England for the purpose), on Friday, Saturday, and Monday, February 4th, 5th, and 7th, 1870, when liberal prizes are offered for competition.
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Entries close on Saturday, January 22nd. [531

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SECOND AND LAST APPEARANCE OF MADAME NORMAN NERUDA.

MR. RUSSELL begs to announce that a SECOND and LAST CONCERT will take place ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4.

ARTISTES:

SOLO VIOLIN............MADAME NORMAN NERUDA.
SOLO PIANOFORTE...MR. CHARLES HALLE.
VOCALIST ....MR. SIMS REEVES.

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MR. HARRISON has the honour to announce that he will give a

GRAND CONCERT,
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On THURSDAY EVENING, February 17.

For which occasion he has engaged the following eminent Artistes:

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VIOLIN—HERR JOACHIM.
VIOLONCELLO—SIGNOR PIATTI.
ACCOMPANYIST—CHEVALIER LEMMENS.

Reserved Seats, Side Galleries and Front of Great Gallery, 5s.; Floor, 3s. 6d.—Unreserved: Great Gallery, 2s.; Floor and Orchestra, 1s.

The Plans of Reserved Seats will be opened on Monday morning, February 7, at Mr. Harrison's Concert Office, Colmore Row and Bennett's Hill. Parties residing at a distance can have the best unappropriated Seats secured for them by applying to Mr. Harrison, with remittance of amount for Tickets required.

The Doors will be opened at Seven, and the Concert commence at Eight o'clock. [548

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BUENOS AYRES GOVERNMENT CERTIFICATE.—Translation.—We, the undersigned, at the request of Messrs. Jas. C. Thompson and Co., certify that the Iron Safes of Messrs. Chubb and Son, London, of which these gentlemen are agents, were exposed for several hours to the fire that took place in the offices of the National Government on the evening of the 26th instant; that in our presence they were easily opened with their respective keys: that the moneys and important documents they contained were found in perfect order; and that these safes are now in use in the National Treasury Office.—Buenos Ayres, 31st July, 1867.

(Signeo) J. M. DRAGO, Treasurer of the National Government.
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A true copy.—A. M. Bell.

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The Opening of this Railway places Sheffield upon the Main Line of the Midland Railway. The Through Trains between the North and South and North and West of England will run direct to and from the New Station, Sheffield, *via* the New Line.

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The Wicker Station will be closed for Passenger Traffic, and the business of the Company will be conducted at the New Midland Station, Sheffield.

A Station will also be opened at the point where the New Line crosses the Attercliffe Road, to accommodate the neighbourhood of the Wicker and Attercliffe.

For particulars of Trains see Time Tables for February issued by the Company.

JAMES ALLPORT,
Derby, January 17th, 1870. General Manager.
[533

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Trustees will proceed to issue the Certificates of this Trust on Monday, the 7th day of February, and applications must be made on or before Saturday the 5th.

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THE GUARDIANS of the above-mentioned Union will, at their Meeting, to be held on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of February next, proceed to the election of a porter to the Union Workhouse. The salary will be £20 per annum, with Board, Lodging, and Washing, in the Workhouse. Candidates must be unmarried, and not above the age of forty-five years, and the person elected will be required in addition to the other duties of the office to superintend the out-door labour of the Paupers.

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Further particulars may be obtained from Mr. Bourne, Master of the Workhouse.

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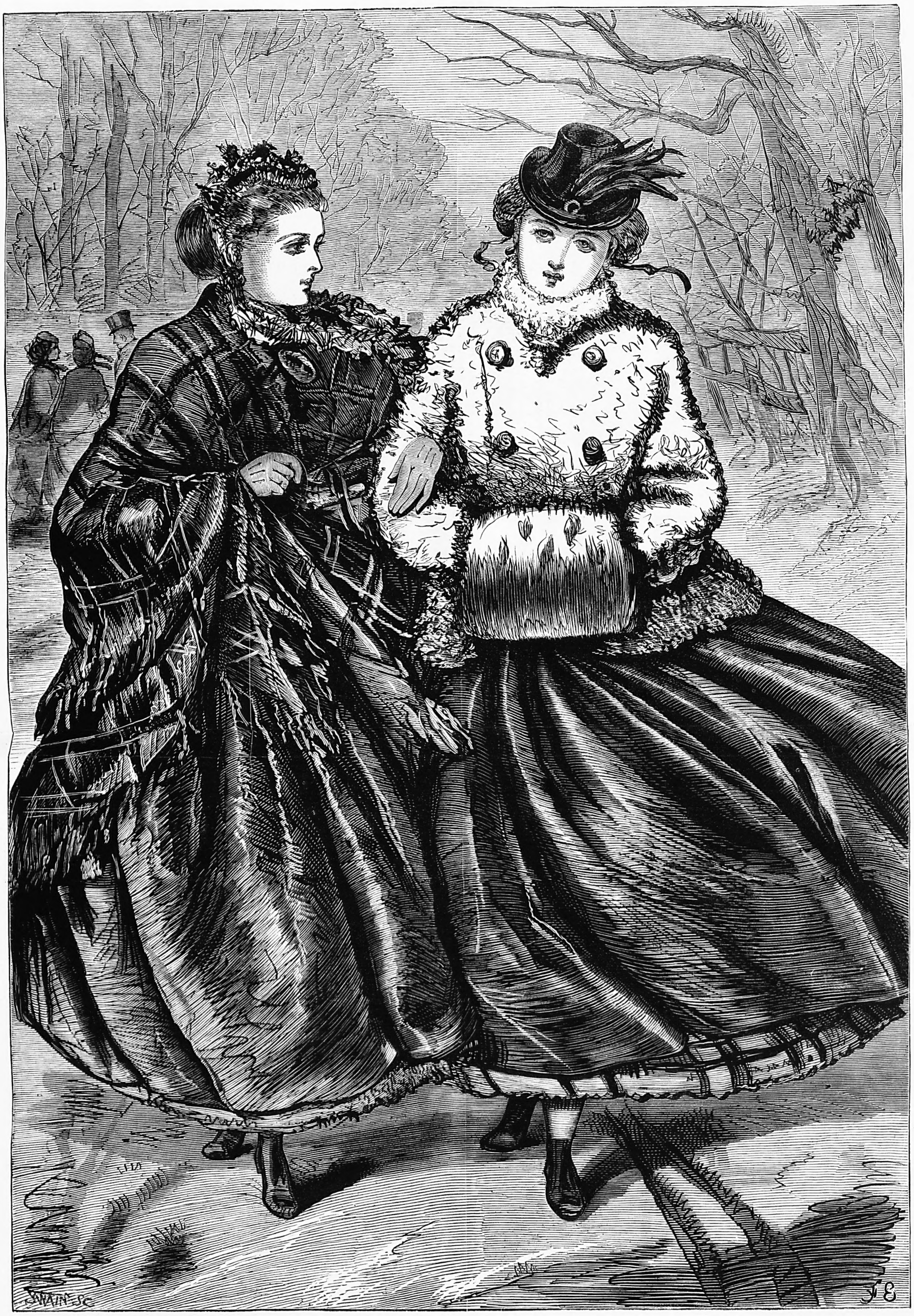

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